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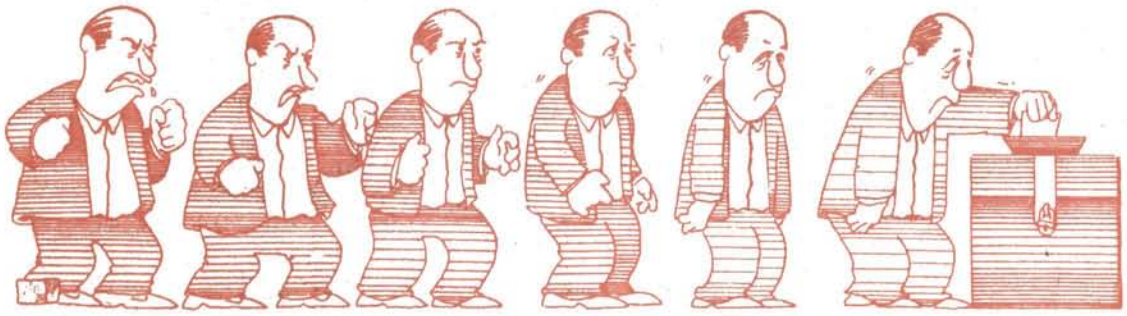

A VOTE FOR FORD RUSSELL KIRK

WHY I AM FOR CARTER RICHARD J. NEUHAUS

THE CASE FOR McCARTHY REED WHITTEMORE

PETER STEINFELS THE MOYNIHAN CAPER
FRANK GETLEIN IN DARKENIN
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NEWS & VIEWS

The Rain King

By far the most successful minister in the current British government, says *Guardian* commentator Peter Jenkins, is Mr. Denis Howell, the emergency Minister of Drought. Wherever he goes, it never rains but it pours.

One of his first official outings in drought-ridden Britain was Cardiff. Down it came. Since then, commented Jenkins, Howell's umbrella has scarcely furled. Most recently he headed for Yorkshire, and in anticipation of his arrival, six inches of rain fell on Leeds in three days.

Once Britain's cups brimmeth over, Jenkins suggests Howell be made Minister of Unemployment, then Minister of Industrial Decline, and, if all else fails, Minister of Economic Collapse.

Deaths

Long-time readers of *Commonweal* will be saddened to learn of the death this past summer (Aug. 16) of Robert Barrat, 57, *Commonweal*'s French correspondent from 1950 to 1965.

Informations Catholiques Internationales, noting the death, cited Barrat as "a convinced Christian who did not hesitate to take the most dangerous personal risks in carrying out the commitments which he believed the faith demanded of him."

Barrat was an editor of *Témoignage Chrétien*, and in 1947 organized the Catholic Center of French Intellectuals, of which he was to be secretary-general and for which he would build up a large membership.

But it was especially for the decolonization of Africa that he was to expend the bulk of his energies. In 1952, Barrat recruited François Mauriac's commitment on the Moroccan affair, and during the Algerian war Barrat's home served as a rallying point for Catholics of the Left who were militants on the issue of independence for Algeria.

His articles brought him into numerous confrontations with French military justice. Following a report of his on the Algerian Liberation Movement, Barrat was arrested, found guilty of failing to denounce a crime, and imprisoned. Released after many petitions, he was again arrested in 1960 as one of the organizers of the "Declaration of 121" on the right to resist the Algerian war. It was then that Mauriac wrote of him: "I remain persuaded that the love of Christ inspires whatever he has done."

In later years, Barrat served on the editorial staff of *Paris-Match*. RIP.

* * *

Similar sad news involves Michael Moffitt, research associate of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, whose article on the problems of world poverty appeared in these pages July 30.

Moffitt was an occupant in the car that blew up in Washington on Sept. 21, killing Orlando Letelier, former Chilean Ambassador to the U.S. for the Marxist Allende government. Moffitt survived the blast, thought by some to have been perpetrated by a Chilean "death squad" out to get Letelier, but his wife Ronni, the third of the three passengers in the car, died.

Our sympathies are Michael Moffitt's, as well as our prayers for a speedy recovery from his own injuries.

Ironically, Moffitt's article in the July 30 *Commonweal* was titled, "Nightmare without End."

* * *

Also dying last month was Terence Cogley, oldest son of the late John Cogley. Terry Cogley served with the Peace Corps in India, and worked for the government. He died at his home in the Washington area after a lengthy illness. Cogley, in his early 30s, leaves a wife and two children, and to them and his mother we extend our sympathies. His father, an editor of *Commonweal* from 1949-1955 and a columnist in these pages until 1964, died last March 28.

Helping the Prisoner

Then, too, last month—we're in a somewhat different context now—there was Israel Shenker's moving piece in the *New York Times* about James E. Lewisohn, the poet and professor, who is serving a life term for murder in a Thomaston, Maine, jail.

It was a compassionate article, and one read it with gratitude for people like Dr. Rudolph Wittenberg, the New York psychoanalyst who has taken an interest in Lewisohn since reading a poem of his years ago. It is people like Wittenberg who keep your faith in society shored up.

By way of small quibble, however, why should Wittenberg have "thought it strange to find a good poet in Maine"? (According to Shenker, his interest in the case was born of this apparent phenomenon.)

Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert P. Tristam Coffin. They were all of Maine, and among the three were five Pulitzer Prizes. And, of course, Longfellow. Or was he of Massachusetts, since at the time of his birth in Portland in 1807, Maine was still a part of the state of Massachusetts?

This is all very minor, to be sure, and we trust Dr. Wittenberg will excuse its being brought up in the course of praising him for his humanitarian commitments, which we intend to be our central point.

Incidentally, Lewisohn, son of the late Ludwig Lewisohn, translator and novelist, has become a Catholic since going to jail. "I converted," he told Shenker, "because of the cross and suffering. I had to share it, to find a little grace, a place to breathe."

Vadillo, *El Sol de Mexico*/Rothco

Odds and Ends

— S.I. Hayakawa, Republican senatorial candidate in California, on Japan's McDonald hamburger-stand invasion: "What a terrible revenge for Pearl Harbor."

— Columnist John Roche on President Ford: "When it comes to flip-flopping [he] makes a porpoise look arthritic."

— Marshall McLuhan, media guru, on waist-high lecterns and presidential debate #1: The principals looked like men waiting for their trousers to be pressed.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Catholic Issues

Grand Rapids, Mich.

To the Editors: One of the most important statements in your editorial "The Catholic Issues" [Aug. 27] is, I think, "Abortion is a moral issue and church leaders should address it." I hope you will continue to stress this point. I have consistently maintained that abortion is a moral issue and not a governmental legislative one. We already have in the "Decalogue" sufficient legislation.

Evidently we have learned little or nothing since the Volstead Act and the 18th Amendment which aimed to curb the use of alcohol through state legislation. Prohibition, too, was a moral issue, and the endeavor to make it a matter of federal legislation has been followed by greater abuse of alcohol than before.

Ford's pre-liturgy address at the Eucharistic Congress reminds me of Nixon's speaking to the 1972 meeting of the NCEA on non-public education. Both were "throwing Catholics a bone," and bishops and the clergy should, it seems, be the first to recognize this.

You correctly assert that ". . . President Ford does *not* favor a constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion" any more than Carter, but that "Ford and Carter might (both) do well to associate themselves with or consult Catholic leaders and intellectuals."

The editorial as a whole was a masterpiece in presenting "authentically Catholic issues," such as those you cite most forcefully.

(SISTER) AQUIN GALLAGHER,O.P.

Carrying Georgia

Skokie, Ill.

To the Editors: This is not to comment adversely on Abigail McCarthy's article [Sept. 24] but since she quotes Jimmy Breslin's "cutesy" remark: re: he couldn't trust anyone south of New

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JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
RAYMOND A. SCHROTH: *Associate Editor* ANNE M. ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant*
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Staff: LINDA F. KAYLER, PAMELA J. FITZGERALD, HARRIETTE BALSKY

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THE ELECTION

As the presidential campaign winds down to its final days, it must be said that Eugene McCarthy loses none of his attractiveness. He can be accused, as he is by some, of ego-tripping. He can be faulted for his political idiosyncrasies, of which he surely has his share. He remains, however, a wise and witty politician with unique Christian and democratic insights into the problems of weapons, social reform, health care, unemployment, even that pestilential appendage to American life—the automobile. Unfortunately, Eugene McCarthy has not received a satisfactory hearing in this campaign. He was unfairly blocked out of the presidential debates, which he would have won hands-down. He was likewise denied hearings in forums that should have welcomed his availability. It is regrettable, for instance, that the National Conference of Catholic Charities—which was so anxious to get Ford and Carter to its convention in Denver, succeeding in the case of Carter —should have rejected McCarthy as a speaker. However real or unreal his chances of election, McCarthy would certainly have had something worthwhile to say to an audience which theoretically shares concern over the moral and social emphases of the country. It is not as if the National Conference of Catholic Charities were some closed quasi-political organization, like the League of Women Voters. But it assuredly made itself seem such in shutting its doors to McCarthy.

Sorry as that was, the Denver rebuff did however point up the difficulties a serious independent third-party presidential candidate has in the United States. The so-called two-party system amounts virtually to a political monopoly—to such an extent, in fact, that almost any third-party challenge is rendered quixotic, including, we hate to admit, McCarthy's. As this editorial is written, for instance, it is not at all certain that McCarthy can get on the ballot in enough states with sufficient electoral votes to make him president, even if he swept every one of those states. Thus, though *Commonweal* is anxious to present the case for McCarthy, and does so with Reed Whitte-

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more's article elsewhere in this issue, at the same time we are forced by the mathematical pragmatics of his situation to look in another direction for the candidate we prefer in the upcoming election. Our tilt is to Jimmy Carter and the Democratic party, despite the blatant and unsettling Carter demagoguery of the second presidential debate. On certain aspects of foreign policy he was shallow and chauvinistic.

Still, there are things over which one can be enthusiastic, beginning with the deep wells of compassion in the man. If these have not always translated effectively to program outline, they are at least indicative of his instincts for action, and they relate infinitely more to the common good than anything being articulated by Ford and the Republican party. In several areas of foreign policy, it is still to be demonstrated that the Carter course will be markedly different from that of a succession of administrations. But on some very crucial points, change is promised, and on these it is possible to build some hope in a Carter presidency. One thinks especially of his determination to regulate sales abroad of nuclear components so that these cannot be converted to weapons' usages. With six nations already in the nuclear arms race, and with some twenty more capable of nuclear development, a strict nuclear-export policy is closely linked to the survival of civilization as the world knows it. We like Carter's promise of toughness of controls.

But when all is totaled up, probably what attracts us most towards Carter is the fact that he would arrive in the White House unfettered by so many of the strings, visible and invisible, that tie a president to a pre-determined set of circumstances, loyalties, traditions, or mean political obligations. As a long-shot winner, and as a person from a new political current, far removed from the mainstream, Carter would come to Washington with fewer "beholdens" than any president in recent American history, and therefore would presumably be freer to proceed about the reforms sketched in his campaign.

We would be less than candid if we did not say that part of this tilt towards Carter is due to the alternative to his election. By every measurement, the Republican party remains the party of vested interests; Gerald Ford, by the same token, is less a leader than a functionary of almost caricature proportions. Besides, for all the talk about his alleged "decency," this "decency" is a quality reserved for the club, not the country. The proof was in the pudding named Earl Butz. Ford's reluctant handling of the most recent controversy surrounding the Secretary of Agriculture, now ex-, was only barely less offensive than the obscene and scatological remarks that made Butz's continuation in the Cabinet unthinkable.

We would like to think that Jimmy Carter would be a completely different president than Gerald Ford has been, and for this reason we lean to him. If the Democratic party of which he is now the leader is true to itself, and if Carter exemplifies its best social and political ideals, he should represent an improvement over what the country has at present.

If, at the same time, these hopes are disappointed—if Carter does give the country more of the same, or, God forbid, less—then the electorate may have no alternative but to look to the cracking of the monopoly of the political system by two parties, so that third-party possibilities, such as that broached this election by Eugene McCarthy, will no longer be visionary or impractical.

WASHINGTON REPORT

IN DARKENING AFRICA

The headline of the month for October has to have been printed on the first day: "Kissinger, at U.N., Urges Africans To Resist Any Outside Interference."

Since Kissinger himself had just wound up several weeks of vigorous—and apparently duplicitous—personal and national involvement in African affairs, the obvious conclusion is that he does not regard himself as an outsider at all. Just as he tries to pass as an American by assuming an increasingly heavy German accent during our period of increasing militarization, so now he has successfully passed in his own mind as an African and we may expect him to turn up in blackface any day now. But watch out for those dread outsiders.

His U.N. speech amounts to a classic example of American misunderstanding of the world outside this country, Europe and Japan. It was a very long time before Kissinger was able to grasp that there was a world outside this country, Europe and Japan, and that bloc's rival, the Soviet Union, and its dependencies in Eastern Europe. That moment of illumination for him seems to have been at about the time of the capture of Angola by the Angolans. Until then, he, like all his predecessors in office starting with Dean Acheson, assumed that the world was divided into two great "camps," as the Soviets call the groupings, the Communist bloc and the Free World. The Communist bloc consisted of all nations which would not ally themselves with American arms merchants and was strictly controlled by the Kremlin. The Free World consisted of all nations that would either take our arms as gifts or

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pledge major shares of their national incomes to buy those arms. The degree of actual political freedom within such countries had nothing to do with their status as Free Worlders, just as the degree of subservience to, or active opposition to, the Soviet Union had nothing to do with the status of non-arms-buyers as Soviet satellites. You bought our arms, you were a free nation. You didn't buy the arms, you were a tool of the Kremlin. This subtlety of thought, no doubt, is what has made Kissinger the intellectual hero of such savants as James Reston of the *Times,* where that dead-pan headline appeared on the front page.

The reason the Angolans were able to capture Angola from the freedom-loving Portugal of Dr. Salazar and his successors was that the United States Congress refused to let Kissinger and Ford bomb them. That pusillanimous Congress even made the subtle sage call off the CIA operation in Angola, which had been keeping the war going for a decade or so. It was at that moment that Kissinger realized he was not going to be allowed to apply his delicate statecraft to the continent of Africa as he had so brilliantly to Southeast Asia. So he reverted to the delicate statecraft he had so brilliantly applied to the Middle East, bought a commuter pass on the white-black shuttle and announced, apparently somewhat prematurely, that peace was at hand.

The last time Kissinger announced that peace was at hand, of course, was just before the reelection of his fellow-statesman, Richard Nixon. The announcement and the reelection were followed swiftly by one of the all-time great bombings of civilians in a history that includes the Thirty Years War and Kissinger's countryman, Hitler. If I were an African of any color, I'd be inclined to starting digging when Kissinger told me peace was at hand, but I suppose if I were James Reston, I'd hail him for another masterful work of statecraft. After all, the odds are very small indeed that no matter how desperately pressed the Secretary becomes, he will actually bomb James Reston.

The reason the Mideast shuttle "worked," as everyone except a few scattered recalcitrants like myself agrees that it did, was that both parties really wanted peace. The Israelis wanted peace because they have always wanted peace, need it desperately just to survive. The militant Arab states wanted peace because they realized at last that the Israelis were not going to be driven into the sea, could fight better than Arabs because they were better motivated, and the Arab states were beginning to look silly even in their own eyes. Both sides therefore welcomed the old shuttler and happily signed up. This allowed the Israelis to get on with trying to build a society and an economy on a democratic-socialist basis. It allowed Syria to turn to the serious business of first, destroying the Palestinian militancy it had created and second, conquering the momentarily independent Lebanon that had been part of Syria prior to World War I. There was a mutuality of interest in peace: if Kissinger hadn't existed, he would have been invented by the parties.

In Rhodesia—and, next on the agenda, South Africa —there is no mutuality of interest in peace or anything else. On the contrary, the parties, black and white, want mutually contradictory things: the whites want the loot they have enjoyed since their arrival there; the blacks want their country back. What was missing in the original, premature Kissinger peace-at-hand announcement was precisely any word whatever about the loot. The African blacks are not about to make a nationalist revolution on the Irish model, in which the foreign oppressors hang on to everything they've always had and the natives get to elect themselves to public office. The blacks want the farmlands, the diamonds, the gold, the chromite, the works, and will fight to get it. The whites want to keep it and will fight to keep it. Who wouldn't? The model is probably going to be Algeria, but, thanks entirely to the U.S. Congress, not at all to Kissinger, the model will not be Vietnam.

Interestingly enough, the rapid collapse of the African peace-at-hand bears out exactly the principal criticism of Kissinger made by his principal political critic, Admiral Elmo Zumwalt.

When Zumwalt first raised the question of whether the Soviet Union was living up to the SALT-One agreements, such as they were, his remarks were widely interpreted as the more or less standard warning against perfidious Russia and a call for ever greater American arms efforts to be expected from top-ranking military men. When people got around to reading what Zumwalt actually said, however, that wasn't quite it. What he really said was that the Russians were not living up to the agreements as those agreements had been interpreted to Congress by Dr. Kissinger. Someone had been lying, Zumwalt concluded and he obviously was not taking it for granted it was the Russians. Subsequently, Zumwalt published a book that gave great detail on specific deceptions practiced by Kissinger on Congress, the President and the military establishment. The Admiral didn't get into deceptions practiced by Kissinger on the American people at large, but that would be at least as fruitful a field as the one cultivated by the former naval person.

In the whole profession of arbitrage, it can probably be maintained that the dishonest broker is at least as important as the more celebrated honest broker. By bending interpretations of agreements in favor of both sides at once, each contradictory interpretation given privately, the dishonest broker can bring contending parties step by step toward some sort of agreement. This, apparently, is Kissinger's concept of himself as human shuttle, the dishonest broker whose dishonesty serves the higher purposes of peace or the containment

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of Communism or the advancement of the Free World, whichever is taken as the supreme good at a given time. If you've got a pajama manufacturer trying to stay in business and a union leader trying to get seven-and-a-half cents for the troops, that kind of persiflage may indeed bring industrial peace and a cross-class clinch by the curtain. When deeply held principles are reinforced by a keen sense of self-interest—as the most deeply held principles do tend to be—such a cheerful finale is unlikely.

FRANK GETLEIN

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SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT

A SWITCH IN SWEDEN

"The conservatives will be happy all over the world," Olof Palme said when his Social Democratic party was defeated in Sweden last month after 44 years in power. In truth, conservatives don't have much to be happy about. It was a close election and the winning bloc is not about to erase any of Sweden's social programs. In the long run the results of the election may tend to strengthen, in Sweden and elsewhere in West Europe, what appears to be a trend toward an unideological mix of social-welfare capitalism and democratic socialism, fueled by private enterprise as well as by government investment and transfer payments, and leavened by individualist traditions.

A loose coalition of the three "bourgeois" parties, having run a dead heat with the "socialist" parties (Social Democrats and Communists) in 1973, took control of the 349-seat Parliament this time by getting 1.9 percent more of the vote while the socialists went down 1.3 percent. (The normally careful Swedes had made the mistake of creating a 350-seat Parliament for the 1973 election and the two blocs had ended up with 175 seats each; the Social Democrats stayed in office, with rare tie votes decided by lot. The number of seats was quickly reduced to avoid the possibility of another tie.) These are the results of the two elections in terms of seats:

	1973	*1976*	*Change*
Social Democrats	156	152	–4
Communists	19	17	–2
	175	169	–6
Liberals	34	39	+5
Center	90	86	–4
Moderates	51	55	+4
	175	180	+5

That is not much of a change, and in left-right terms it is even less dramatic. The Moderates, the right wing of the bourgeois bloc, are far from reactionary. The Center, formerly the agrarian party, specifically supports the mixed economy and welfare but champions environmental causes and emphasizes "decentralization" of industry, people and decision-making on land-use and economic planning. The Liberals are similar to the British Liberals, with a reformist tradition and some radical tendencies. In the past both the Liberals and the Center have formed coalitions with the Social Democrats; they call themselves the "middle parties" and are nervous about coalition with the Moderates, whom they would exclude from the new Cabinet if they could.

The permeability of the socialist-bourgeois barrier was demonstrated during the three years of equally divided legislative power. The Social Democrats seldom needed to rely on Communist votes, picking up enough support instead from Liberals or Centrists or both, depending on the issue. It was not a time of governmental stalemate. There were some tax cuts but also some new social programs, including dental insurance, a remarkable new plan for flexible retirement between 60 and 70, and new industrial-democracy legislation that allows workers, through their unions, to share a broad range of traditional management prerogatives. Meanwhile the Swedes became officially the world's richest people (outside of some Arab oil fiefdoms): Sweden had a per capita GNP of $6,720 in 1974, according to the World Bank, followed by Switzerland ($6,650) and the U.S. ($6,640). Unemployment remained under control and inflation slowed down.

Still, there had to be some reason for the defeat of the party that had engineered prosperity and social justice and had come to be a kind of security blanket for Swedes with a deep folk memory of poverty. Perhaps the best explanation was suggested by Bernard Weinraub in the *New York Times*: the Social Democrats defeated themselves. Four decades of the Swedish combination of social insurance, planning and private enterprise finally made enough people affluent enough so that a few more of them became sensitive to long-standing complaints that had been slowly reducing the Social Democrats' support since 1968. Taxes have been high for a long time, but by now an average worker sees about a third of his income go to the national, county or local government. The civil service has always been heavy-handed (if generally capable and very honest)

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in Sweden, but after 44 years the bureaucracy came to be perceived as specifically Social Democratic, its civil-service rigidity blended with socialist dogmatism. The tax and bureaucracy grievances were combined and dramatized by two income-tax cases, that of Ingmar Bergman and that of Astrid Lindgren, a popular writer of children's books. It was a time when the opposition could effectively ask: Had enough?

To that question the Social Democrats seemed to be answering: No, you haven't; we'll try more. The party has always been split between more and less ideological elements. The pragmatists have usually won out; one result is that there is less nationalization of industry in Sweden than in many other West European countries. Recently, however, the big blue-collar Confederation of Trade Unions, which is intimately allied with the party, has pressed for a radical new step: a requirement that firms employing 50 or more persons allot 20 per cent of their profits to placing shares of company stock in workers' funds controlled by the unions. The plan would gradually transfer majority control of all such companies to the unions. Although the union proposal was not officially embraced by the Social Democrats, it was made an election issue, and it apparently helped to focus many people's fear that radical new changes might be made in traditional forms of ownership.

One other issue must be mentioned, if only because it was so Swedish: nuclear power. Environmental concerns are the exclusive property of the world's upper-middle classes, and Sweden is an upper-middle-class country in which large numbers of people really worry about polluted air and water, overconsumption, adulterated foods, vanishing wilderness and technology in general. Sweden is also an energy-dependent country without coal or oil. The government has built five nuclear power plants and proposed to build eight more by 1985. Thorbjörn Fälldin, the Center Party leader who is now the country's new Prime Minister, made the nuclear-power program a central issue. He attacked nuclear reactors and their radioactive wastes as unsafe and said he would not build the eight proposed plants and would even close down the five operating ones. His stand summed up Swedish uneasiness about high technology and seemed to attract wide support, especially among young voters—and nearly 500,000 new voters had been added to the rolls this year by a drop in the voting age from 20 to 18. Palme retorted that Fälldin's proposal would cost thousands of jobs and leave Sweden dependent on Middle East oil. As it turned out, the Center did less well than its coalition partners, and so it may be that Fälldin's audacious ploy backfired; Palme, on the other hand, said it was the nuclear issue that cost his party the election.

It is interesting and perhaps significant that it was the small Liberal party that gained the most seats. The Liberals are for "social reform without socialism." They have a somewhat old-fashioned rationalist, ideologically individualist bent; when I talked with party youth leaders, it was the Liberal Youth chairman who had the most lively, egalitarian position. In Sweden one votes for a party, not individuals, and seats are allocated by proportional representation. Could a large number of Swedes have sensed in the Liberal party a humane and humanizing counterbalance to the cool, managerial approach of the Social Democrats? If so, the Liberal success could just possibly be the beginning of an ultimate convergence of liberalism and socialism that would parallel on the ideological side the mixed economy and "functional" socialism that have characterized Sweden's economic life.

ARMAND SCHWAB, JR.

(*Armand Schwab, Jr., an editor of* Scientific American, *has lived and traveled in Sweden.*)

JOHN FANDEL

SNOWFALL

A flurry darkened into storm intent.
Stray fluff of flakes charming the eye to sight
Led on a darkled host, snow earthward bent,
To take on half the country, halve the light,

To stay. The silence, hours preceding it,
Lay silent, vital for the plough of sound.
Who could compose cacophony as fit
For such composure as one bluejay round

A green-storm stillness of a summer spell
When inundated by the sunny world
We barely breathe the air we need too well
To purl our passion, or to keep it pearled.

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THE MOYNIHAN CAPER

PETER STEINFELS

There was a time, and not so long ago, when few things would have given me more pleasure than casting a vote for Daniel Patrick Moynihan to replace James Buckley as Senator from New York. One could almost make an historic drama of that moment in the voting booth—the vindication of the Irish Catholic liberal. Years ago, Moynihan wrote that "The *logical* man to unite the New York Democratic party . . . is a Catholic liberal," and his "working description" of the type included being Irish and reading *Commonweal*.

I don't know how faithfully Pat Moynihan has followed *Commonweal* since then—he served on the magazine's Committee of 50 when it marked half a century of publication —but I do know that the magazine has followed him, and almost always sympathetically. When the Moynihan Report emerged, *Commonweal* welcomed it warmly [Sept. 17, 1965]. A few weeks later *Commonweal* published an article by Herbert J. Gans which the sociologists Lee Rainwater and Willian Yancey, in their study of the controversy stirred by the Moynihan Report, called "the only thorough analysis of the report's social science base and political implications." And a little while after that [Nov. 26, 1965], the editors defended Moynihan's work against abusive attacks on it and warned against the shelving of the topic of black family life.

To skip to a later episode, a *Commonweal* correspondent noted Nixon's selection of Moynihan as domestic advisor was "a surprisingly good choice" [Dec. 27, 1968]. And Moynihan's Family Assistance Plan, when hung up in the Senate Finance Committee, was the subject of a lead editorial: "As most readers of this journal know . . . Mr. Nixon's priorities are not ours. . . . A striking exception . . . is the Administration's welfare reform program which would for the first time in our national history put a floor under family income. . . . The crucial thing is that the principle of a guaranteed family income be established; once that is done, improvements can be made. . . . If it is true, as Daniel Moynihan has suggested, that liberal forces have failed to rally behind the measure only because it has a Nixon tag on it, that fact must be a matter for regret. . . . Victory on this measure would be a memorable achievement for the Nixon Administration and a significant step forward for the entire nation" [Sept. 18, 1970].

Not only was I an editor of *Commonweal* throughout that period, but I had even once cast a vote for Moynihan. (Indeed, faced with five candidates in the recent New York Democratic Senatorial primary, I realized that, at one time or another, I had voted for four of them.) My vote for Moynihan occurred in 1965, when he ran for President of the New York City Council. I recall shaking his hand on Broadway one day, near "Needle Park" at 72nd Street, a then-notorious spot for heroin transactions. Moynihan was campaigning with all the enthusiasm of a man who would rather be home reading a book. This only reinforced my impression of his good sense. Apparently other New Yorkers did not see it that way.

There seem to be a breed of born Moynihan-haters, but the foregoing ought to prove that I am not one of them. For years I have resisted negative reports of him, often originating from people in government whom I respect. Political differences give rise to vicious gossip, and these were things—matters of personality, for instance—I had no way of checking out. All I could do was read what Moynihan published; and that, though I often disagreed with it, was usually perceptive and reasonable, never without a point which made me think harder and probably better. In a sense, Moynihan was always a conservative, the premise of his proposals being that the capitalist market economy is basically benevolent and rational—if only we could help out the stragglers and the poorly trained so they could compete more effectively in the competitive race. His *growing* conservatism of the mid-Sixties amounted to the belief that there was simply less the society could do to help out than he had previously supposed. His earlier conservatisms I could live with, as a matter of fact I had no choice, since it charaterized most American policy-makers, Democratic as well as Republican. The newer conservatism at least produced some useful criticism of the assumptions behind various social welfare initiatives. If we had learned the limits of intervention overseas, why not consider what the "limits of social policy," to use Nathan Glazer's phrase, might be at home? Moynihan did not persuade me on the particulars, but I had to concur with John Stuart Mill's conclusion on the merits of the conservative Coleridge: in such matters it is better to have intelligent, thought-provoking antagonists than feeble, bone-headed ones. As for yet other aspects of Moynihan's conservatism, such as his interest in family stability, I agreed wholeheartedly.

Why then do I contemplate his current candidacy so gloomily? One reason is doubt about who he really is. My doubts are not based on the familiar charge of political opportunism but simply on Moynihan's own published words. Two examples:

1. In May 1968, then supporting Robert Kennedy for the Democratic presidential nomination, Moynihan wrote that the New Hampshire primary and Lyndon Johnson's decision

(Continued on page 701)

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A VOTE FOR FORD

RUSSELL KIRK

The best possible president was not nominated this year

Mr. Gerald Ford is not a brilliant man, nor a very lively campaigner; and his consort is overly loquacious. When one has written that, one has set down nearly all of Mr. Ford's deficiencies as President of these United States.

President Ford's merits, on the other hand, are substantial. Nobody doubts his honesty. He has the advantage of many years' experience in the House of Representatives, giving him skill in the management of Congress. He has been familiar with all the federal legislation for the past quarter of a century. His associates and advisers are decent and sometimes talented people. He was unsmirched by the Watergate Scandals and untouched by the current Waterbed Scandals. He has enjoyed some success in checking inflation; and, the erratic present Congress considered, he has contrived fairly well in foreign affairs. No one hates Gerald Ford. Probably his chief achievement has been the restoring of good repute to the presidency.

I am not arguing here that Mr. Ford is the best possible president for this country. But the best possible president, whoever he may be, was not nominated by any party this year. Mr. Ronald Reagan would have been a more colorful and vigorous Republican candidate; either Secretary Elliot Richardson or Secretary William Simon would have been an abler manager of the federal apparatus and probably a man of more vision, but they stood no chance for the Republican nomination of 1976. Mr. Ford, a caretaker president, practically is our best hope for this era of transition.

It has been said that the American people do not elect a president: they defeat his opponent. I am endorsing President Ford because Mr. Jimmy Carter ought to be defeated. Sometimes Mr. Carter seems amiable, sometimes ominous. I do not dread him as do some observers, but I suspect that he is merely a familiar type of Southern politician, not overly scrupulous about what he says and does, eager for power, and patronage, wondrously ignorant of foreign policy and thoroughly inexperienced in governing the federal colossus—which he alternately promises to reduce drastically and to enlarge through grand new functions.

I do not believe that Mr. Carter is politically candid; I do not think he has much of any notion of what he might do as president, except for appointing cronies to high places. I do not find him fitter to be president than was Huey Long. I am uneasy about what he might do in any large crisis. In so troublous times as ours, we cannot afford to let Mr. Carter be president.

Yet I am not anti-Carter merely. I believe that a second Ford administration would have positive advantages, and below I set down a few of them.

First, Mr. Ford has an able cabinet, by and large. I doubt whether a Carter administration would contain people so hard-working and versatile as Secretary Richardson and Secretary Simon. As for Dr. Kissinger—why, at least Mr. Ford's election would ensure continuity of foreign policy. Although Secretary Kissinger's undertakings have not been conspicuously successful in recent months, that is the fault mainly of an uncooperative and sometimes irresponsible Congress.

Second, Mr. Ford possesses discernible political principles, if not much imagination. His course is predictable, and it would not be a reckless course. Plodding it might be, but the American people are in the mood to welcome some healthy routine, by way of contrast with the adventures, delusory promises and disgraces of the past dozen years.

Third, Mr. Ford has taken a sound stand on what may be the decisive issue of this year's campaign—abortion. He has committed himself to work for a constitutional amendment that would restore the *status quo ante bellum:* that is, a "states' rights" amendment which would take abortion out of federal

RUSSELL KIRK, *essayist, biographer, novelist and critic, is the author of, among others,* The Conservative Mind, Eliot and His Age *and* The Roots of American Order.

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politics, into which that grisly business ought never to have been dragged. It is to his credit as an honest politician that he has not agreed to support the sweeping "pro-life" amendment which would put an absolute federal prohibition upon abortion anywhere, forever. Logically, he is correct in this: under a federal political structure, control of such concerns should remain part of the police powers of the several states. And as a political realist, Mr. Ford is aware that although a "states' rights" abortion amendment conceivably might get through Congress and the requisite number of states for ratification, the absolute federal prohibition almost certainly would be rejected by Congress, or by a good many states. However that may be, surely Ford is preferable to Carter on the abortion issue.

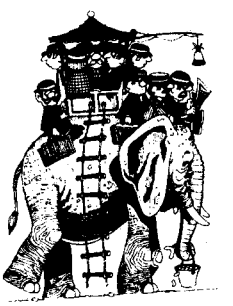
This controversy leads us into the perplexed realm of religion-in-politics. President Ford is a Christian, but he does not make a political fuss about it. Mr. Carter is a different persuasion of Christian and he does make a political fuss about it. I find myself uncomfortable, always, with political candidates who proclaim loudly how God-fearing and God-loving they are. I think, for instance, of a certain senator, now deceased, who used to declare proudly, "God always has his arm around my shoulder"—the while he was pork-barreling for the benefit of his state and his privy purse.

It is not that I object to the fearing and loving of God by presidents; *au contraire*. Yet presidents are not prophets nor high priests, nor should they aspire to be. They are secular magistrates in a pluralistic society. Let them fear and love God privately, applying Christian teaching to their conduct of office; but sanctity. A president who really should believe that let them spare us extravagant professions of their he possessed a private "pipeline to God" (like a former governor of Michigan, who popularized the phrase) would be a nuisance, a curse, a peril.

Here I agree with Professor René de Visme Williamson, of Louisiana State University, who argues that religious reverence is the foundation of tolerable political order. "It is my contention that reverence is the root of obedience to and respect for constituted authority," Dr. Williamson writes, "of decent and civilized dissent, of being a member of an opposition which is loyal and constructive instead of destructive or subversive, of regarding nature as God's handiwork to be tended and preserved rather than something to be exploited and desecrated. . . . Both the Christian faith and the national interest are enhanced by the presence of dedicated Christians in public office."

Just so. Yet a chief magistrate and commander-in-chief of the forces who should confound his private judgments and prejudices with divine decree, or who should profess a perfect personal righteousness which, in truth, no man living possesses—why, the American Constitution, including the first clause of the First Amendment, does not contemplate the accession to power of such a one. I am satisfied that Mr. Ford never would advance such pretensions, though his frame of mind is Christian. I am not satisfied that Mr. Carter might not conceivably reveal such self-righteousness, once established in the White House. I do not believe we can afford that risk. The Pharisees had their virtues, but the union of Pharisee and demagogue would be oppressive.

If I do not hanker after a self-righteous religionist in executive power, neither do I yearn for an ideologue. Mr. Ford is a conservative, if not so systematically conservative as Mr. Reagan's friends might wish. Mr. Carter is a liberal when he speaks in one city and a conservative when he speaks in the next. An imaginative and reforming conservatism is a real need in American politics just now, I fancy, quite as an imaginative and reforming liberalism might be our need in a different era. Neither Mr. Ford nor Mr.



Carter, however, will give us that. Far from being ideologues, both of them seem deficient in ideas.

Ours is a time of political transition, and, God willing, some public men of high moral imagination and right reason may make their appearance in both major parties during the next decade or two. Meanwhile we do the best we can with what we have. It can be said for the Republican platform, to which Mr. Ford subscribes, that it is a commonsensical document, capable of being developed into later platforms and programs fit for the dawning age of chastened politics.

That mild praise cannot be extended to the Democratic platform, to which Mr. Carter subscribes. Indeed, the Democratic platform of 1976 is almost undiluted "ritualistic liberalism" of yesteryear—the very infatuation with centralization, meddling, and fussy supercilious materialism which, paradoxically, Representative Barbara Jordan so effectively denounced in her keynote address at the Democratic convention: more extravagant expenditures, more regulation, more layers of bureaucracy, more empty slogans. "Prevailing opinions," Disraeli said, "generally are the opinions of the generation which is passing." Perhaps the Democratic delegates will have

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acquired vision by 1980; meanwhile Mr. Carter seems pleased enough to stand by the Democratic platform, if only because Washington is well worth—not a mass, but a mouthing of tired phrases in which perhaps nobody but Senator Mondale believes any longer.

In short, I expect that Mr. Ford's performance for four more years of office would be pedestrian. I prefer that prospect to the possibility of an equestrian presidency, just now: for an equestrian is a man on horseback. I fear that Mr. Carter, not unlike Lyndon Johnson in his rhetoric, might lead us into foreign and domestic blunders comparable to Mr. Johnson's. We can foresee what Mr. Ford would do: he has committed himself to certain general courses, and genuinely represents the sentiments of his party. We cannot foresee what Mr. Carter might do: he has settled for an archaic and silly platform which clearly cannot govern his administration; and should he be elected, his triumph would come from an uneasy and incongruous coalition which later he might ignore with impunity.

Politics being the art of the possible, presidential elections offer us limited choices. Were you and I to vote only for candidates who should perfectly express your and my private ideals—why, we never would vote at all. I do not contend that President Ford would lead us to Zion, or that he would lead us to any new destination. I do believe that he would conduct a second prudent caretaker administration, bridging the uneasy passage from Vietnam and Watergate to a future reformation of parties and a future reinvigoration of America's political imagination.

Mr. Carter does march to Zion, and the elder Martin Luther King went up to Heaven and obtained divine sanction for the coming Caesar; the Reverend Mr. King told the convention and the television audience so. Yet I do not think that you and I would be idyllically happy in Mr. Carter's Zion. It might be like Huey Long's Zion, or like Lyndon Johnson's Zion. I suspect that it might be a shabby and shoddy Zion, with plenty of Dead Sea fruits to bestow among deserving good old boys. Such being my intuitions, I am willing to put Mr. Ford back into office.

WHY I AM FOR CARTER

RICHARD J. NEUHAUS

Sensitivity combined with vision and enormous energies

Why am I for Carter?

Because a Carter presidency will be an effective symbol of healing and justice between black and white in America. A Ford presidency will not.

Because there is evidence that the prospect of a nuclear holocaust is an anxiety of pressing urgency to Jimmy Carter. There is no such evidence in the case of Gerald Ford.

Because Carter displays sensitivity to the poor, the marginal and the shut out. Ford does not.

Because Carter has demonstrated a readiness to challenge the conventional and the courage to go against the stream. Ford has not.

Because Carter's election would signal the sense of new beginnings essential to the democratic experiment. Ford's election would not.

Because a Carter presidency would accelerate the cultural and political development beyond the sterile liberalism that derives from the secular Enlightenment. A Ford presidency would be grudging accommodation to that liberalism, thus sustaining its hegemony over American social thought.

Because the only alternative is supporting Gene McCarthy and, despite bonds of friendship and nostalgia for the days when a protest vote seemed interesting, I wish neither to help elect Gerald Ford nor to resign myself to despair in churlish wit's act of

RICHARD J. NEUHAUS, *is the pastor of the Lutheran Church of St. John the Evangelist in Brooklyn. His most recent book is* Time Toward Home: The American Experiment as Revelation *(Seabury).*

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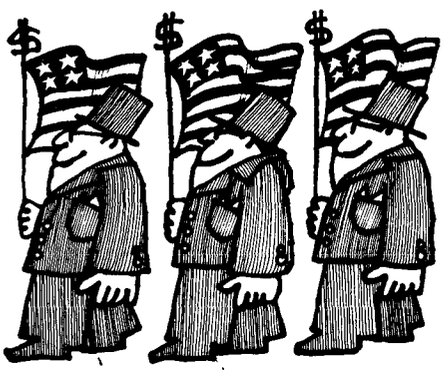
spoliation against an admittedly flawed electoral process.

The above seven theses stated, my enthusiasm for Jimmy Carter is not unstrained. When first I declared in December of '75, the smell of freshness, of moving in from the outside, of defying the pretensions of the powerful and expert, it was all more exhilarating then. The tone, if not the substance, of populism is of necessity tempered by success; defiance triumphant descends into that most debilitating of exercises, "discussing the issues." The promise of new beginnings is turned into bickering over position papers. During that 27 minutes of silently eloquent indictment of our political process how one longed for anything—a joke, a deprecating remark, merely a shrug of the shoulders—anything that showed human beings transcending the thing for which they were programmed, anything that might have changed the impression of two marionettes waiting for someone to untangle their strings. I expected no more from the other fel-



low, I was disappointed with Carter. Disappointed but not disillusioned, for in comparing the Carter of the days of "Jimmy who?" with the Carter of a campaign on the edge of conquest, I have no doubt the former better reveals the man. As one who was a delegate and campaigner for McGovern (and before that for McCarthy), I think Carter may be too earnest about the need to unify the party, as they say, but I am not in principle pledged to backing a loser, and Carter clearly intends to win.

One more thing before elaborating the positive. On the question of abortion Carter, like Ford, is captive to the dismal divorce of public policy from moral tradition and logic. Carter's present position toward a constitutional amendment is essentially the same as his posture toward "right to work" laws; he will not get in the way of what "the people" want to do. Ford, under strong party pressure, switched to a reluctant endorsement of returning the abortion issue to the states. Neither man shows signs of having thought through the connection between abortion and the most elementary public duty of defining and protecting all the members of the human community, especially the most vulnerable, which includes but is by no means limited to the unborn. But Carter has a demonstrated capacity to think through "the translation of love into simple justice"; Ford has not. No doubt this is related in part to Carter's being very bright and Ford's not being very bright. While the position of both candidates on this issue is lamentable, a Carter presidency can, for reasons spelled out below, create a cultural and political climate that will bring moral discourse and public policy into a closer and more candid alliance. The abortion debate—which is in reality a touchstone for deciding the kind of world in which we want to live—will undoubtedly benefit from that alliance.

Back to the seven theses. The first, on black-white relations, is reason enough to support Carter. Much has changed, and Carter represents much that has changed, since Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma* in 1940; but, then as now, the search for community between black and white is the primary moral challenge of the American social experiment. I am impressed by Andrew Young and others who note that Carter's unique credibility derives from his having paid his dues where it counts, in the deepest South, unlike Northern liberals for whom being "right" on the race question costs little or nothing. I am even more impressed by the widespread conviction in the black community of Brooklyn where I live and work that Carter's election will signal white America's sincerity in building one society for all, and that his defeat will be further evidence—heaped upon the assassinations of John, Robert and Martin—that black aspirations will forever be turned back. Is this conviction entirely reasonable? I don't know. But on this score I have come to trust the intuitions of ordinary black folk. Then too, in politics appearance and reality are interlocked and how things *appear* to black Americans has a strong bearing on the reality of the country we all share.

Inseparable from race is, for the first time since the Civil War, the symbolic reunion of North and South. While some members of the cultural elite are so insecure as to need the South to condemn, one hopes that most of us welcome the prospect of that reunion, both for the sake of national unity and for the enhancement of the pluralism within our common life. Also linked to race, among other factors, is the future of our great cities. Neither Carter nor Ford promises a renewal of Great Society programs, and perhaps just as well. Carter does demonstrate concern, compassion and an eagerness to experiment with new approaches that would strengthen rather than undercut the resources available. By this, one means the resources of "mediating structures" in society—family, neighborhood, church, voluntary association, ethnic and racial subcultures. On this and other scores, the safe vote is a vote for Gerald Ford,

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if one believes safety lies in more of the same. I am convinced the risks of a Carter administration are considerably less than the risks involved in continuing our present drift.

In the second thesis, it is a mark of sanity in our time to be terrified by the balance of nuclear terror. In his best football fashion, Ford seems sublimely confident of the game plans devised by the technocratic coaches of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD). Carter has, very sensibly, declared MAD to be literally mad. Both candidates are "tough," perhaps too tough, on the need for a militarily strong America. But Carter is not ready to resign himself to the dictates of the military-industrial-labor complex. As he recently told the national board of SANE, we have to work at disconnecting the complex, moving toward conversion from a war to a peace economy. "Military decisions should be made for military reasons," he noted, "and economic decisions for economic reasons." On the issues of nuclear strategy, disarmament, and economic conversion, SANE concludes, "Ford is clearly unacceptable . . . A Carter-Mondale administration offers Americans the hope of a new foreign policy." I agree.

Foreign policy also touches on the third thesis, sensitivity to the oppressed. In addition to domestic problems, notably those of minorities, Carter has been responsive to Third and Fourth World concerns, such as those pressed by Bread for the World, the Christian citizens' lobby for justice in trade and aid. While Kissinger said some good words at the UN last year about a new economic order, his promises seem to have little priority in the Ford administration. And there are strong signs that another Ford administration would adopt a foreign policy more amenable to the Reagan forces in his party. The great question is whether the affluence of the few will continue to be perceived as being at the expense of the poverty of the many. Carter offers the hope of changing that perception, and whatever realities attend it, in new relationships of cooperation that translate charity into justice. Those who see American power as inevitably exploitative and imperialistic and who welcome the revolutionary scenario implicit in that analysis should vote for Ford.

On the courage to challenge the conventional, the fourth thesis, it seems to me the record is clear. Ford's record is, so far as I know, nothing, zero, zilch. He is the perfect undeviating product of his Republican Grand Rapids background. Maybe because, as Bill Shannon of the *Times* has observed, Ford really doesn't care that much, he doesn't take himself that seriously. That attitude could be winsome in some situations, but I prefer someone who takes the prospect of being president very seriously indeed. With respect to specific issues, Carter's record on race is, mentioned earlier, courageous. One wishes he would go farther on amnesty for resisters and deserters (by the way, he has the meaning of "amnesty" and "pardon" precisely reversed), and I think he will if elected, but then Ford is nowhere on that one too. But the real mark of what might be called courage is the pattern of Carter's own life. Aspiration, hard work, the achievement of excellence, and then moving on to new challenge. Since he probably does not aspire to being the first Baptist elected pope, one may assume that those enormous energies will be given to an office that Jimmy Carter refuses to believe is beyond human direction. That prospect is—as they used to say back in the days when "Vigah" was in vogue—invigorating.

This of course moves into the next point about new beginnings that are essential to sustaining the democratic experiment. The stunning fact is that for almost four years, at least since 1973, the United States has not had a president whose legitimacy was not in grave doubt. America, and America's influence in the world, will not move from under the shadow of the Nixon-Ford years of personal corruption, institutional corrosion, and constitutional crisis without a really new administration. I worry that the personnel of a Carter administration might look too much like Kennedy-Johnson redivivus, but I worry much more about the prospect of chapter three of Nixon-Ford.

The final point about accelerating cultural shift is crucially important in my political calculus, although terribly complex. At its more cosmic level it is the intuition that we are now witnessing the end of the cultural (and political) hegemony of the secular Enlightenment. After two hundred or more years, religion and reason, moral tradition and public discourse are beginning to interact in new and, I think, promising ways. The last president to challenge the secular hegemony was Woodrow Wilson, and before that—and more successfully—Abraham Lincoln. Of course presidents don't create such major shifts, but they can give them political legitimation and accelerated pace. If I am right, we are moving into a time in which we will negate the noxious proposition—debilitating to religion and politics alike—that religion and politics don't mix. We will no longer have to check our dreams at the door of the arena of public discourse, the diversity of moral traditions that shape our history will be able to surface more naturally, and through their renewed public potency the pluralism of American life will be enhanced. This assumes of course that our common life is now more threatened by bureaucratized homogenization than by the celebration and lively interaction of the myriad particularisms that are America.

It assumes also that this is a *development* beyond sterile and secularizing liberalism. Carter can com-

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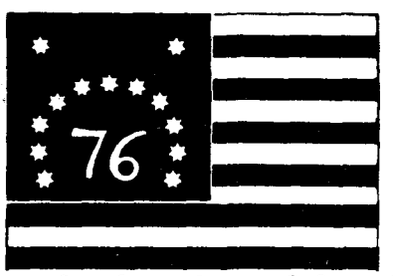
plete the New Deal, if you will, by stealing what Ben Wattenberg used to call "the social issues" from reactionaries and by reuniting patriotism with the passion for justice. Ford represents his party's grudging accommodation to conventional liberalisim. Ford represents the brake, Carter the motor force. There is no ideological initiative—with the necessary components of progress, compassion, and the advance of equality —in the Republican party. At least the possibility of a new synthesis, beyond the tedious and outmoded liberal-conservative contentions, is very real with a Democratic administration under Jimmy Carter.

These then, briefly stated, are some reasons for supporting Carter. I am not much impressed by what the press calls his "mistakes" during the campaign, mistakes mandated and then deplored by a press that insists upon a candor that it promptly condemns as "unpresidential," by a press that feigns surprise—or, even worse, *is* surprised—at values and beliefs that are shared by the great majority of Americans whom these scribblers presume to "inform" as to what America is about. Then too, there is that perverse notion of journalistic ethics that compels people to turn upon their own lest they be thought less than "objective." These types may yet create the Carter parallel to the one-thousand-dollar-per-person-income proposal with which they savaged McGovern. While Carter is pressed for lexicographical precision on every utterance, Ford answers questions at his presidential convenience. The vaunted fourth estate, which daily reminds us of its investigative courage, is not above going after the more vulnerable, especially when the victim complies with its demand to be vulnerable. Carter might be wiser to remain more aloof from the press, or at least not to offer his throat to the wolves, but then he might be attacked even more viciously for being too distant from "the people." It's hard being a challenger, especially when you accept candor as a campaign issue. But I am reasonably confident Carter will survive the machinations of those who would make a vice out of the virtue they called for.

THE CASE FOR McCARTHY

REED WHITTEMORE



A protest against the freezing of the election process

With the election little more than a month away as this is written, Eugene McCarthy does not yet know how many states will have him on their ballots but expects to make it in 35-40. Particularly if California and New York should be "won"—among those that are still possible—he would at this date be reasonably content. How strange a campaign his is, where winning is so defined. Perhaps in the last weeks he will be able to shift his energies to other issues, but the main issue of the campaign for him will clearly remain what it has been. He described that issue recently (to *Washington Star* reporter Lyle Denniston) as a freezing of the election process by the Democrats and Republicans. "The two parties," he said, "have formalized the two-party system into law." All year he has been fighting that 'law,' which has emerged to frustrate him at both the state and federal levels.

He might have added that the 'law' is not only on the books of the various governments but also in the minds of the party hacks and of the journalists reporting on the campaigns, who have all frozen up on the subject, believing firmly that two parties are God's plenty and that threats to their dominance endanger national stability. For all of them McCarthy is a monkey wrench in the works—and is frequently described as that. Even the Republicans, though they can imagine him weakening Carter as he is assumed

(Continued on page 691)

REED WHITTEMORE *teaches in the English Department of the University of Maryland. He is the former literary editor of the* New Republic *and a poet whose books include* 50 Poems 50 *and* From Zero to the Absolute.

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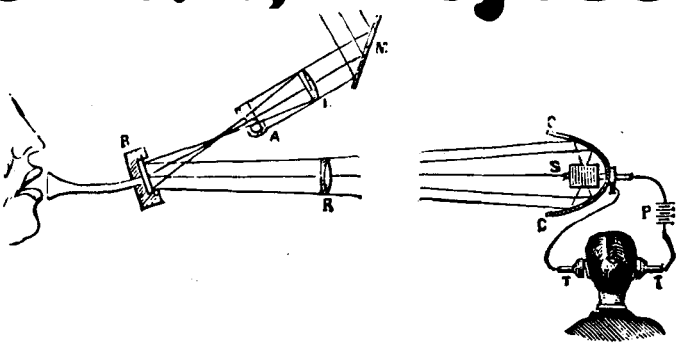
What's next, Professor Bell?



The photophone transmitted voices on a beam of light in 1880.

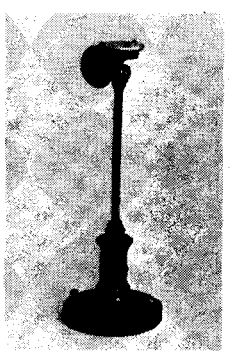
Alexander Graham Bell

"The greatest invention I have ever made; greater than the telephone." That's how Alexander Graham Bell rated his photophone, patented four years after the telephone, to transmit conversations on a beam of light. (Photophone = light-sound.) He actually demonstrated lightwave transmission of voices, but it would be nearly a century before it would become a practical reality.

The photophone was one of many ideas Bell proposed to improve the usefulness of his basic invention. Working with him on improvements were his assistants Thomas A. Watson, who received the world's first telephone call on March 10, 1876, and Charles S. Tainter. The sort of work they did would be called today "research and development".

Bell envisaged a telephone network linking the cities of the nation and eventually the whole world. But a voice could travel only a limited distance over a wire before it weakened and became inaudible. So the first phones depended heavily on lung power. It is no coincidence that we speak of telephone "calls", or that the word "hello", the standard greeting in phone conversations, is kin to "holler".

For years many people looked for a way to make a voice reach from coast to coast, including engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (the parent company of the Bell System), and its manufacturing and supply arm, the Western Electric Company. Some telephone people were much interested by a paper read to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers on October 20, 1906, by Dr. Lee de Forest. The paper described de Forest's new "audion" tube, a version of the vacuum tube used at that time in radio receiving sets. Basic theory told de Forest that his invention should detect *and amplify* tiny electric currents, such as those coming over the telephone



In 1886 this special telephone set was used for long distance calls.

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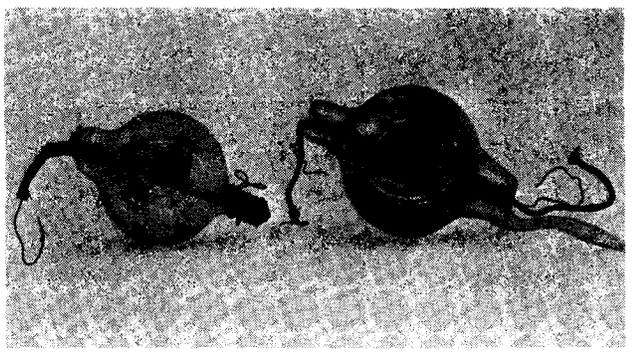
wire. But his early models failed at amplification. He continued working on his own. And telephone engineers pursued other solutions.

By 1912 de Forest was ready to demonstrate an improved audion that did operate as an amplifier, although imperfectly. In the group of telephone people assembled for one of de Forest's demonstrations was Harold D. Arnold, 29, a brilliant physicist hired the year before. Arnold identified at once the audion's major problem: the vacuum pump de Forest was using left too much air inside the tube, with the result that its performance was erratic and unpredictable. As a consequence of financial support by AT&T of the Bell System's research and development program, Arnold could obtain the newest pumping equipment and achieve a much higher vacuum, and within a year he had the amplifier needed. AT&T and Western Electric engineers made further circuit changes needed for telephony, AT&T management arranged for manufacture under de Forest's basic patent, and the amplifier went into production. On January 25, 1915, Bell in New York repeated to Watson in San Francisco his famous words, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."



Lee de Forest's audion and an improved version developed by H. D. Arnold for long distance telephony.

As the telecommunications industry grew, the vacuum tube was improved many times, but by the 1940s it was reaching its inherent limitations. Scientists at Bell Laboratories saw promise in a class of materials called semiconductors. From their carefully thought-out search came the discovery in 1947 of the transistor effect—the amplification and control of the flow of electrons in a solid material. Again the enormous problems of putting the discovery into practical form were far more quickly and expertly solved by collaboration between people at Bell Labs and Western Electric than could ever have been the case otherwise.

The story of the search for ways to strengthen telephone voices shows, in a rather simple way, many of the elements of the Bell System's research and development effort as it is carried on today: A perceived need in telephone operations. Corporate management that emphasizes service improvement. A commitment to exploration in relevant areas of basic science. A development effort, adequately funded, to move from discovery to practical use. Free exchange of information among people in research, development and manufacturing. And finally use of the discovery in equipment or a product to meet the need originally perceived. That final stage is what gives a laboratory discovery the right to be truly called an "innovation". And the expectation that applicable new knowledge will be used in the Bell System makes it possible to commit each year the millions of

H. D. Arnold

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dollars necessary to search for it.

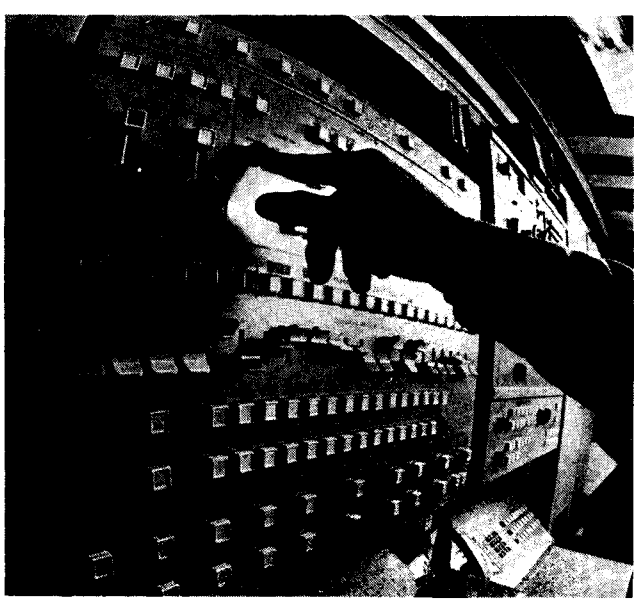
The amplifier story has an extra dimension, the use of innovations in many fields outside telephony. That is true of much Bell System research and development. It is corporate policy to publish new findings, to make new technology available to other companies through licensing arrangements, and to exchange technology with others. Vacuum tubes made possible radiotelephones, television broadcasting, improved phonographs and sound motion pictures. Scientists and engineers working for the Bell System made many contributions to all these innovations and the new industries that sprang from them. But the main objective of their investigations has been the improvement of the nation's telecommunications network and the myriad of services it provides.

The transistor, in its turn, gave birth to the whole new industry of solid-state electronics. It made practical such developments as the large-capacity computer for data processing, high-speed transmission of data between computers, space travel and communications via space satellites. Most important for the ordinary telephone user, the transistor made possible a new generation of switching machines for routing calls to their destinations—machines controlled by instructions stored in changeable memories. These electronic switching systems, now being installed, are many times faster than the best electromechanical systems. They provide enormously increased capacity and flexibility to meet the growth needs of the 1980s.

It is characteristic of a technologically oriented industry that technology must be prepared in anticipation of needs. The search requires a huge investment, both of time and money. And success depends on careful planning and close coordination of effort, in a process that runs from basic scientific exploration through fundamental development work, specific design, manufacturing capability, distribution and delivery to the ultimate consumer. For many industries, including telecommunications, the process also includes activities in maintenance, servicing and operation.

The transistor was invented at Bell Labs in 1947. Today, thousands of transistors can be made on one tiny integrated circuit chip.

In the Bell System, that process involves twenty-three regional operating companies, plus Bell Labs, Western Electric and the Long Lines Department. All these parts share one goal: to provide telecommunications services at the lowest possible cost to everyone.



Electronic switching systems, now in wide use, provide high speed and flexibility for the nation's telecommunications needs.

Such cooperation produces results.

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According to the June 28, 1976, issue of *Business Week*:

By almost any measure, Bell Labs has contributed more to the telecommunications industry and more to the U.S. economy than any other research establishment....A major part of Bell Labs' charter is to keep well ahead in technology so that no significant development applicable to telecommunications will be unavailable to the Bell System. The bargaining power made available through extensive patent holdings gives AT&T ready access to the inventions of others when the company needs them.

Since 1925, the people at Bell Labs and Western Electric have received more than 24,000 U.S. patents, which have been made widely available to all of U.S. industry and the world.

Bell System research and development work is well underway on new communications technologies to meet the needs of telephone service in the future. For example, Bell scientists and engineers are now working on a practical way to use lightwaves for communications. They have already developed pinpoint light sources—light-emitting diodes, and lasers no larger than a grain of sand. (Both projects benefited from earlier Bell research on semiconductors.) To carry

Lightwave communications technology, now being tested, uses new solid-state light sources and glass fibers to transmit phone calls.

light around corners, or under city streets, they are using tiny strands of ultra-transparent glass called "lightguides." Right now an experimental lightwave communications system is being tested by Bell Labs and Western Electric engineers in Atlanta. Light and glass may one day join electricity and copper wire in the nationwide telecommunications network, and we may in fact "talk by light". Those are Alexander Graham Bell's words, describing his photophone.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

22 October 1976. 600

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to have weakened Humphrey in 1968, are not happy at the thought of a serious independent. An independent is politically unAmerican somehow.

Of course the arguments in favor of the two-party system are many, mighty and, by now, antique, and it would be a shame to disturb them if the two parties were performing their proper theoretical role of providing voters with serious choices. But McCarthy contends that they are not. His jokes about the first Ford-Carter debate were as good as any. He said that it was "like a bad baseball game when the lights went out in the seventh inning and everybody went home." and added that when the sound went off he hardly noticed. He argues that Ford and Carter are essentially Tweedledum and Tweedledee. He thinks that only by introducing an alien element to the frozen election can November 2 be made a day worth getting up for. The alien element would take votes away from nobody but bring out voters who would otherwise stay home.

He has a number of illustrations of the Ford-Carter uniformity, but his chief one is their uniform docility about American militarism. In other words he is still on his 1968 tack, still going after what took him into New Hampshire. The foreign-policy tendency of both parties is, as he puts it in his recent book *The Hard Years,* "to look at political problems in

military terms," with the result that both parties turn over decision-making powers to the Pentagon that should not rest there. "The Defense Department," he says, "has become the strongest independent power in world affairs," and it is independent because its "actions are to a large extent beyond the effective control of Congress." McCarthy wants to know whom a voter can vote for in the two parties who has any interest in changing that arrangement.

Looking back on Vietnam he does not blame the military, or the military only, for gathering power unto itself. It acted as it acted, he thinks, because it was not given reason to suppose that anyone else would point to "a clear political direction." He compares the situation during that war to that of "clergy who are trying to operate without theology," and he says that it was this vacuum at the top that led us through the war's tragic series of posturings, from simply trying to stabilize the government of South Vietnam, to preventing invasion from the north, to saving "all of Southeast Asia from Communism," to preserving "our national honor, and the future of the free world." We kept needing basic political decisions but getting instead military temporizing.

And he believes that we are still getting the latter. We still have for instance a Senate so fearful for American security that they will vote for almost anything the Pentagon sends over. The Senators are so full, he says, of security hang-ups that he doesn't even like to mention weapons gaps in their presence, lest they rush through legislation to close them. "We are way behind the Indians of the Amazon in blowguns and poison darts. Moreover we are short of catapults, crossbows, pikes, shields, cauldrons for boiling oil."

The Power Experts

He might have added that the tendency to think exclusively in power terms, and then to turn to power experts for advice, is also the primary mode of thought of the two-party apologists he is up against right now. All of them are, in belief and practice, dedicated temporizers, students of the expedient of such an earnestness that they have ceased to imagine any other form of political thought or action. By them the two-party system is inevitably justified as the way to prevent fragmentation of power, and the justification serves to make the gaining or keeping of power the main party industry. As a result the basic matters of political direction are always put into the hands of pollsters and the like. Nobody *thinks* policy. Policy has become an emanation of that curious modern phenomenon, consensus, and when the emanation is busy emanating there is little to be done by either party but to think up clever tactical ploys to earn its allegiance. Policy-makers are no more needed for such ploys than they are needed for adding up a Defense Department budget. Whether the consensus is worth listening to, or whether it is being accurately represented by the polls and the media (or worse, whether the polls and the media are *delivering* the consensus)—these are matters that simply don't come up. The two-party system is run by arithmetic now rather than by ideological difference. The Vietnam war was run that way too.

A strong independent might change all that, or so McCarthy thinks, and if he could effect such a change he would hardly be the negative force in the election he is now commonly accused of being. Instead he

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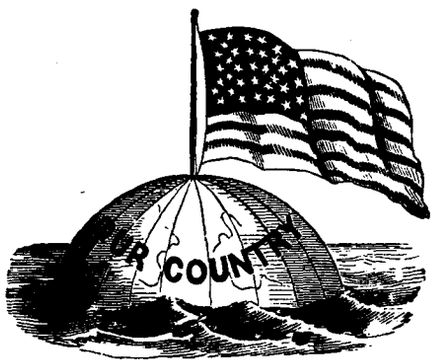
would be the one putting our election machine back on the right track, demanding of politicians that they speak their *minds*. He might change our political life.

So it is on the simple issue of the importance of independent candidates that McCarthy is making his big stand, and he is certainly showing his own character as he does so. His former Senatorial colleagues mostly think of him as so independent as to be out of politics altogether, and it is true that he has no love for them. Yet essentially what he is standing for is thoroughly mainline. He is an institutional man at heart, searching for ways of restoring institutional integrity to a variety of governmental institutions in-



cluding the Senate. And if by some chance he were to become president he would have a go at restoring the institutional properties of the presidency as well, a job that would involve weakening that office in the sense of recognizing the limits of that office's power (his modern hero here is Harry Truman, the one who of all recent presidents had, he says, the "purest concept" of his responsibility to the office itself). Indeed he attributes the mess we are in to the failure of the various parts of the government to properly assume the powers they were invested with, a failure that has left us with either no rule or with rule by the wrong parties. Just as the military has taken over in foreign affairs because the Congress and the Executive have failed to do so, so the courts have taken over in the matter of busing because the Congress has been unable to enact appropriate legislation, the sales tax motif (essentially, taxation of the poor) has taken over our tax system because the Income Tax as now writ is legislation by lobby rather than by Congress, the automobile has been allowed "to consume our environment" because nobody but the automobile and oil people are in charge of it—and so on. The restoration of institutional integrity in a governmental complex that has lost its bearings is hardly a radical aim, but it seems radical now, seems radical, that is, in a political climate where the various consensus forces assumed command from the institutions.

His stand on particular issues is thus not nearly as important to him as his feeling that the appropriate institutions have an obligation to *think* their way to stands, and because he places the emphasis there he is frequently accused of not facing up to issues himself. But for what it's worth his stands on some of the recent issues (those not yet mentioned) have been recently expressed as follows. On abortion: "the government should remain neutral on the question of abortion . . . except within the limits of the 1973 Supreme Court Decision. . . . The question of abortion is essentially one for the individual's moral decision." On amnesty: he thinks we should have it, and have it now; "and I think it's amnesty—not pardon . . . I mean, amnesty is a good word; it has long standing. It says, 'We will forget and not hold anyone responsible, those who acted on one side or the other'." On health: "I've been for national health insurance since 1948," but "what we ought to be advocating now, what we could get, in my opinion, would be a national health program for what's called major medical expenses . . . and work out the other problems somewhat more closely within the context of medical practice and medical insurance such as we now have. In other words, I don't favor, on practical grounds, the so-called total health insurance program which is now being talked about. We could have done it if we'd started with it back in 1948." On corporations: "The time has come for us to raise some questions about how the economy is operating. And since 70-80 percent of the control of our economy is through corporations, the time has come for us to look at the way the corporations are directing the economy of the country. Basic to that is the need to raise the issue of moral and political and social responsibilities of corporate power." On unemployment: "We should redistribute the work by shortening the work day, week or year by roughly seven percent. That's essentially what we did when we passed the 40-hour work week and eight-hour day during the Depression." On poverty: "The time has come for us to acknowledge that we have let poverty become an institution in this country . . . there will not be nearly enough jobs available until we redistribute work by shortening the work week . . . and we must provide adequate income support for poor people who cannot work—including mothers who are heads of households but cannot work because they must care for young children. The worst welfare proposals are those which try to force mothers of young children to leave their homes and take jobs."

How great is his commitment to his strange campaign? In 1968 after the debacle he wanted out, and he even wrote a poem to that effect about a kite flier who was letting go of the line; but now his sentiments are hardly those of an ex-kitist. He is flying his kite hard, and every time the unfriendly press suggests that he *should* want out, he just flies the kite harder. He thinks it's a good kite too, and he may be right.

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LINE OF MAXIMUM CONSEQUENCE

PRESS

I know it's hard to believe but in late September some reporter summoned the bald effrontery to ask Rosalynn Carter of Plains, Georgia, if she had begun to doubt her husband's sexual fidelity after reading his remark in an interview with *Playboy* magazine that he had "committed adultery in my heart many times."

She said no.

There is nothing like an election to bring out a strain of bubbleheaded hysteria in journalists but the confusion, willful misunderstanding and gross overreaction to Carter's *Playboy* interview set something of a record. After watching the controversy in the press for a week, it is poignant but instructive to read the interview as a whole. There seems so little room for misinterpretation. Carter tried to explain to *Playboy*'s interviewer why he would not use the Oval Office to launch a crusade against vice. His argument was conventional enough; he said he tried to live by his own convictions in these matters but did not think God had appointed him to judge his countrymen.

But the interviewer would not be reassured.

"We'd like to ask you a blunt question," said the interviewer. "Wouldn't we expect a puritanical tone to be set in the White House if you were elected?"

Carter's irritation is obvious. We can almost see his face twist as he is asked the same question for the third time. "I think we've pursued this conversation long enough—if you have another question . . . Look. I'll try to express my views. It's not a matter of condemnation, it's not a matter of persecution. I've been a governor for four years. Anybody can come and look at my record. I didn't run around breaking down people's doors to see if they were fornicating. This is something that's ridiculous. . ."

The interviewer was still unconvinced and Carter tried yet again. His comments run a thousand words or more. He referred to Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr. He described the fundamentals of evangelical Christianity. He admitted that "I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times." This was inevitable, given human nature, Carter said. One tried to live by certain moral precepts, and one expected to fall. "Christ says, Don't consider yourself better than someone else because one guy screws a whole bunch of women while the other guy is loyal to his wife. The guy who's loyal to his wife ought not to be condescending or proud. . ."

It was wasted breath. The reaction all focused on the admission and on the word "screw," which some paper printed, and others referred to as a five-letter vulgarism for sexual intercourse, making it sound somehow salacious.

Journalists responded by phoning everyone from Mrs. Carter to the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas, and the reactions for the most part were just what you'd expect from people who hadn't read the interview and wouldn't get a chance until the controversy was long past. "Shocked," said the Dallas pastor. "Pretty scary," said a senator. "Nothing to be gained," said another. "Insulting," said William Safire.

A few people complimented Carter on his honesty but most found his plain speaking plain crazy. The columnists who weighed in, a kind of second wave, all asked in one way or another if this were the fatal error, the terminal blunder, the undoing of Carter's campaign for which they seemed to have been waiting.

This is a completely standard procedure on the part of the press but there is something half crazy all the same about probing microscopically for fatal errors in slips of the tongue, pratfalls on ski slopes, minor contradictions, red flag phrases and the like. The same thing happened when Carter said he didn't think ethnic neighborhoods ought to be systematically broken up (who *does* think so?), and when he said he would have fired Clarence Kelley for accepting favors from his subordinates, although he was not sure he would do so retroactively if he were elected president. Does this seem like a contradiction to you? It doesn't to me but even if we assume it is it hardly seems a contradiction of sufficient magnitude to decide an election. Why does the press pursue such minor episodes with wolf-pack hunger?

In the second volume of his autobiography, *The Infernal Grove*, Malcolm Muggeridge suggests that the very profession is characterized by a sort of inborn rapacity. "Journalists follow authority as sharks do a liner," he says, "hoping to feed off the waste it discharges, with perhaps someone occasionally falling overboard to make a meal, and once in a while the whole ship going down and providing a positive feast."

There is no question that George Romney was knocked overboard by the "brainwashing" furor eight years ago, and that a lot of journalists think Carter may be teetering right now. It's nothing personal, just that somebody is bound to go down in an election and no journallist wants to be absent at the kill.

In a characteristic response to changes in the political weather R.W. Apple of the *Times* recently wrote (on September 27) that poll results indicated Carter "lost" the first debate. "With five weeks to go until election day, the former Georgia governor clung to his national edge, but the momentum was clearly against him. Further slippage of the kind he has so far experienced

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would drop him behind the President by November 2, when the voters will make their selection." This stunningly obvious remark reminds me of Calvin Coolidge's classic observation that when "more and more people are out of work, unemployment results."

Looked at from the perspective of a week, even so hard-working, knowledgeable and accomplished a reporter as Apple often sounds a bit like Chicken Little. This tendency to extrapolate a mighty oak from every acorn raises questions about the common sense, perspective and steadiness of reporters. They have got to get in the paper, granted, but why do they insist on seeing every ripple as the first sign of a tidal wave? Why does every story about the San Andreas fault mention the possibility that California *could* slide into the ocean? Why did reporters covering a New York City garbage strike in the '60s all pursue the possibility it might cause an epidemic? Why did every story about Khe Sanh back in 1967 mention Dien Bien Phu?

In 1968 political reporters endlessly discussed the possibility that George Wallace's third party campaign might throw the election into the House of Representatives, which it did not come *close* to doing. Nevertheless a recent story in the *Times* (September 16) suggests that Eugene McCarthy's presence on the ballot in half a dozen important states "could affect the outcome of a close election."

This was in the lead paragraph, not buried at the bottom of the story. It was what the story was *about*. Do you know anyone who thinks this is even remotely possible? McCarthy's campaign has been conducted all but in secret, not because McCarthy isn't serious, but because no one else thinks he is. The idea that his fitful effort might decide the election is preposterous, but the reporter simply could not resist writing about it all the same.

One reason for this is that reporters are addicted to idle chatter about things which are not so likely as they are intriguing, like Bigfoot and the Abominable Snowman. Another is that journalism requires complex subjects to be squeezed into small spaces in simple, declarative sentences. But the main reason has to do with a fundamental principle of journalism, here revealed for the first time. It is not the only principle in the mysterious question of what makes a story, but it is one of them, and it explains a lot which is otherwise baffling, not only why journalists are obsessive in the pursuit of some possibilities, but why they are frequently blind to others. The principle is that reporters, confronted by an event, will follow that part of it which constitutes the Line of Maximum Consequence.

Working journalists, no less than stockbrokers, are interested in the future. They are as easily sidetracked as the rest of us by gossip, the odd fact, what *really happened*, people with a lot of money, the fall of great men, sad stories, quarrels, reports of strange lights in the sky, violence, the end of the Cadillac convertible, the possibility of life on Mars, the weather, which horse runs fastest, children with incurable diseases, how to cook *scallopine al limone*, the odds that smoking will kill you, the location of Atlantis, the number of Whooping Cranes, beautiful women and the price of coffee, but their most basic and abiding interest is in *what's going to happen?*

The answer, of course, is generally prosaic. Either nothing happens, or nothing much, or nothing out of the ordinary, but the repetition of failed possibilities seems to have no dampening effect on a journalist's appetite for what might happen. His first instinct, confronted by an event, is to search for the biggest thing which might follow—the Line of Maximum Consequence—and to dog it until the possibility has been exhausted.

In most stories pursuit of the Line of Maximum Consequence amounts to little more than a nervous tic. When Hugh Carey was elected Governor of New York, for example, there was a good deal of talk in the press about his presidential prospects. Did he have any? No. But he *was* the Governor of a major state, and he *was* going to be the quasi-official host of the Democratic Convention, and there *could* be a deadlock among the 13 original contenders, and, well . . . you know how the argument went. It was crazy but harmless.

Another example was press speculation a year ago that New York City might default, a depressingly real possibility even now, but the press quickly extrapolated the bad to the horrific. Their reasoning went like this: a city default would probably bankrupt the state, thereby undermining confidence in municipal bonds elsewhere and triggering further defaults, major banking failures, a stock market crash, a major depression and worldwide economic collapse. Admittedly a reporter would hate to miscall a calamity of that magnitude, but dwelling on it is crazy. Bad enough the city could not pay its bills, but what is to be gained by inflating a local disaster into an international catastrophe?

But once in a while the Line of Maximum Consequence turns out to be the pattern of events in fact. When it was learned four years ago that Thomas Eagleton had once received electro-shock therapy for mental problems the Line of Maximum Consequence seemed obvious: George McGovern might be forced to drop him from the ticket. Journalists called up everybody in their address books to ask what they thought and so many people said McGovern had no choice that in the end McGovern decided he had no choice, and Eagleton was dropped. Reporters were hardly responsible for Eagleton's departure—that was McGovern's choice, and McGovern's alone—but they were certainly midwives to the result. It was nothing personal, just the nature of the profession.

Nixon survived a similar episode in 1952 following the revelation that he had a "secret slush fund," but

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twenty years later he ran out of luck. Watergate's Line of Maximum Consequence was obvious from the first day—Nixon's departure—but it took a long time for most journalists, including Woodward and Bernstein, to see it. The difficulty did not lie in imagining the President's involvement in the break-in or the cover-up—who else?—but in imagining that it could be proved against him.

Journalists knew too much about presidential power and congressional timidity to imagine that the weaker party could expel the stronger. They did not see how incriminating evidence could be pried out of the Oval Office; could not imagine that the country would care after the election, when it had not cared during it; and noted only incredulity when the word impeachment was first uttered. It took discovery of the White House taping system, the firing of Archibald Cox, and the sheer longevity of the crisis finally to convince the press that events were, in fact, leading toward their logical conclusion. In the long interim they had to operate on blind instinct alone, following the Line of Maximum Consequence in progressive steps, from the original burglars to CREEP, and thence to Haldeman and Ehrlichman. When the latter were gone, only Nixon remained.

But a five-letter vulgarism has none of the explosive potential of Watergate. Reporters have pursued it because it was there. When a new scent of some great possibility arrives the press will set off in a new direction. In the meantime Carter, at least, will learn again that there are never as many people waiting to catch you in the brutal competition of politics, as are waiting to watch you fall.

THOMAS POWERS

CLIPS JOINT

THE SCREEN

America at the Movies is a reprise of clips from about eighty American movie classics made over the last sixty-five years. It's the American Film Institute's "birthday gift" to the nation on its bicentennial, a souvenir program from a performance of history itself. It takes the BIG moments from some of our best movies and makes them fall out of their original contexts to line up here for a parade, a Fourth-of-July parade with nineteen hundred and seventy-six trombones. The only trouble is that the parade is in truth a forced march and the homage it would pay is fake. *America at the Movies* takes the most popular American art form of this century, and reduces it to a couple of hours worth of propaganda.

What that propaganda message is in the film's five arbitrary sections—"The Land," "The Cities," "The Families," "The Wars" and "The Spirit"—is telegraphed by a prologue of one scene each from Elia Kazan's *America, America* and Coppola's *The Godfather, II*. Both are scenes of arrival at Ellis Island, and the theme of immigration that they suggest shapes the film. In "The Land," people literally immigrate across the country to settle the West. In "The Wars" we see them immigrate again, across American history this time, leaving home for the French and Indian War in an opening scene from Ford's *Drums along the Mohawk*, and about-facing in the last scene to return home once more after World War II in Wellman's *Battleground*. "The Cities" is about social and economic immigration, about the upward mobility of Edward G. Robinson in *Little Caesar* and Harlow and Beery in *Dinner at Eight*. "The Families" is about temporal and emotional immigration across the generation gap and through the *rites de passage*.

In each of the sections, the manifest destiny being demonstrated is made to seem a kind of cycle, a film loop in which the country's history keeps going merrily round and round. This is how all conflict is avoided in the film and anything that might be disagreeable is effaced. In "The Land," for instance, the film's cyclical view of both our history and our movies relieves the clash we might expect between the themes of immigration and possession, between the images of moving on and those of settling down. After a couple of transitional clips at the beginning of "The Land," a perfect union for these two themes is found in the scene from *Cimarron* (1960 version) where Glenn Ford joins the Oklahoma land rush.

From here "The Land" wanders off on a tangent about the Western, but it returns to the subject of the land at the end with the dispossession scene from *The Grapes of Wrath*. Having begun with the land rush into Oklahoma, we now end with a later generation being pushed out again. But as the clip is made to end with Steinbeck's family setting out for California, any historical irony is brushed aside. The implication is that Americans are just pioneers by nature, born immigrants moving ever onward to a better life.

Between land rush and exodus, *America at the Movies* abuses a good deal of our history. Gunfight scenes from a whole series of Westerns have no real connection with the theme of the land, but they are put just before another series of scenes from films like *Shane* and *The Searchers*, where the issue really is the land. The implication is that all those gunfights were actually in the service of sodbusters like Van Heflin. This utterly falsifies the history of both America and the movies, and it typifies the sort of disrespect this movie has for the films to which it pretends to pay tribute. Misrepresentative as it is, however, such free association only does a random violence of history. The theme of immigration and cyclical patterning of the sequences provide

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the more programmatic chance to rewrite the past. Like an official policy of genocide, they are what assure that no one escapes.

In each of the sections after "The Land," the cycle repeats itself. "The Cities" begins like "The Land" with a couple of transitional passages. The rural and westward migration in "The Land" is reversed as Schlesinger's midnight cowboy arrives in New York and Capra's Mr. Smith goes to Washington. Then, as in "The Land," the new cycle begins with a scene that only finds its analogue at the very end of the section. In this case the scene is a dance sequence from a Busby Berkeley musical of the thirties, with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler cooing in evening clothes at a table next to the dance floor. The mate this scene finds at the end is in the "America" number from *West Side Story* with Rita Moreno. Like the sequencing of "The Land," this movement from Busby Berkeley to *West Side Story* preserves a *status quo*. It makes us see as comparable two historical situations and two casts of characters that are different. Those bopping Puerto Ricans from the slums in *West Side Story* are really no worse off than the cafe society in Berkeley's film. They have just as much fun, don't they? That's what counts, isn't it?

At the beginning of "The Families" Claudette Colbert's father advises her to skip out on her own wedding in *It Happened One Night*, and off she goes running across the lawn with veil flying. At the end of this section, here comes Katherine Ross, veil still flying as she also runs out on her wedding in *The Graduate*. Of course, her parents haven't been so encouraging as Claudette's were, but *America at the Movies* leaves that part out in the interests of keeping the family together. The message is that all the old values still apply. The more things change, the more they stay the same. Life can be beautiful. (A penny saved is a penny earned, people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, et al.) As "The Wars" shows by beginning when Henry Fonda leaves for one war and ending when Van Johnson returns from another, 200 years later, it's really all the same war too. My country, right or wrong. Right? Wrong.

The spirit referred to in the title of the film's final section is the one that has animated all these immigrations in the other sections—the spirit of Progress. Most of the clips in this section are of the contest between man and nature, from Keaton's stand-off with a hurricane in *Way Out West* to Stewart's take-off in *The Spirit of St. Louis*. As these two examples suggest, the general drift of this content is always toward conquest. Having just gotten air-borne in *The Spirit of St. Louis*, the film cuts next to the waltz of the space stations in *2001*. The ideal of Progress, we are reassured, will remain valid in the future. Since this section began with the immigrants' final landing on Manhattan in *America, America*, a penultimate scene where Kubrick's space stations do "The Blue Danube" reassures us as well that America's conquest of the whole universe is just another of her endless immigrations. Like everything else we have seen, then, it must be for the best. That Stanley Kubrick didn't think so is, to the people who made *America at the Movies*, completely beside the point.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

OF IMAGERY AND IMAGINATION

CLAIRE HAHN

The Gift To Be Simple
ROBERT PETERS
Liveright, $6.95

No Running on the Boardwalk
PAUL RAMSEY
U. of Georgia Press, $3.95 *(paper)*

Statues of the Grass
JAMES APPLEWHITE
U. of Georgia Press, $3.95 *(paper)*

Robert Peters' *The Gift To Be Simple* is an ambitious project. The poet attempts to imagine himself into the life of Mother Ann Lee, foundress of the Shakers and to speak for her in a series of lyric and narrative poems. The sequence covers the experience of Ann from her childhood in Manchester, England to her arrival in New York Harbor. Peters, who has considerable gifts as a poet, labors mightily, seriously, to make this garland for Ann Lee. Perhaps the intractably melodramatic events of Ann's life or Peters' own talent for vivid detail make these poems less a garland than a gothic tombstone. Any flower offering would surely wither on the fevered brow of the neurotic and suffering Ann portrayed in this book.

The earliest poems in the volume deal with Ann's childhood visionary experiences. She sees "Angels, fairies, and the face of Jesus, loving me." But she also sees, in "Claremont," her brothers having a sexual orgy in the fields with the more than willing "Miss C." Ann is shocked and sick-

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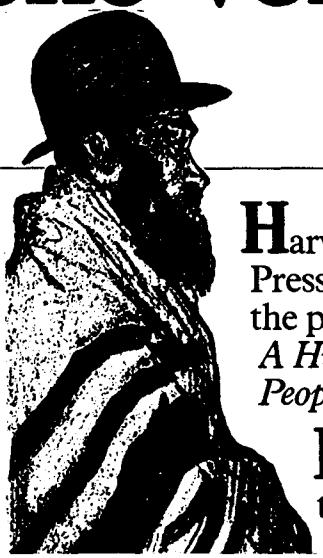

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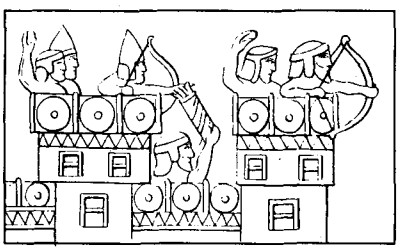

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A HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE

By Scholars at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem

H.H. Ben-Sasson, Editor

Contributors:
Abraham Malamat, Hayim Tadmor, Menahem Stern, Shmuel Safrai, Haim Hillel Ben-Sasson, Shmuel Ettinger.

Harvard University Press. Cambridge, Mass. 02138

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ened; she sits at home by the fire, "unable to eat her dinner."

In Peter's version of her life, Ann never recovers from this sexual disgust. Her husband's love-making is torture for her. She agonizes over the death of her four children and has bouts of madness. Eventually Ann becomes a convert of James Wardley, a Quaker who preached Christ's Second Coming as a woman. Ann becomes the Female Christ of the first Shakers; she is imprisoned in a madhouse and subsequently flees from England with her followers. Peters imagines these events in graphic detail and often an individual poem leaps to a startingly intense life as in "Ann to Abraham." The songs which intersperse the sometimes flamboyant narrative poems are frequently lovely and quiet.

The volume fails as a whole because Peters does not achieve his goal. Inevitably he invites comparison with John Berryman's *Homage To Mistress Bradstreet*. But, whereas Berryman seemed to live within the skin of the historic personage he recreated, Robert Peters' adroit performance is really a ventriloquist's act. His Ann Lee is an often grotesque puppet responding to her controller's whims.

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The Gift to Be Simple is a sequence of poems concerned with describing a religious experience; Paul Ramsey in *No Running on the Boardwalk* writes from his own deeply religious conviction of the stability of a Maker underlying the seeming chaos of a world in flux. In form and in subject matter his poems are varied, wide ranging. Traditional lyrics sing of love lost or discovered, describe a garden or a Maine island; free verse and experimental forms examine the problems of human desires, betrayals, confusion. Each individual poem is carefully articulated and stands as a whole but *No Running on the Boardwalk* is really a unit. These poems, some long and serious, others like shining bits of mica, fall together as do the colors of a kaleidoscope into striking design.

Perhaps the thematic central poem of the volume is "The Askers Ask the Day." The Day answers two questions. To the first, "who are you, O Shining One?" the Day replies by identifying itself with its seasonal operations of life, death, continuity. The second question and answer hold in tension the paradoxes explored throughout the sequence of poems: human suffering and the healing promise of the Redeemer who dies and is born again in liturgical celebration:

> What day is this on which we are gathered to listen?
> It is a day of quarrels and a day of sin.
> The rain rushes into the already overflowing gutters.
> The preachers are shouting in tongues we cannot interpret.
> The automobiles strike at many angles to let death in.
> The revolutionaries scream at each other in hatreds not to cease.
> It is an ordinary day in an American city.
> In His Wounds is our peace.

Ramsey does not thump his answers home. These are contemplative poems written with the authority of one who controls his art.

It would make for tidiness if I could also call James Applewhite's *Statues of the Grass* a book of religious poems but I'm more than willing to forego the neatness of the symmetrical review for the discovery of these unusual lyrics. Applewhite's first volume of poems establishes him as an enormously gifted writer. He can make the English language float or sing. I have not been so enthralled by the magic wedding of imagery and music in many recent years of reading contemporary poetry.

Statues of the Grass is in many ways a series of poems of discoveries. Applewhite writes often of his memories of his native North Carolina. His roots in a place, in Southern history, and a particular family stir him to question, blame, and forgive. What he is ultimately seeking for in his dedication to history are images which form some pattern of human integrity, some way in which his inescapable inheritance can be metamorphosized into a present value. He searches faces at his grandfather's funeral:

> But I was not prepared for the beauty
> Of the old people coming from the church,

He remembers in "The Capsized Boat" how his father "pulled me alive from that odor of dying." The father then

> Swam up under the capsized boat
> And saved me to my name. His overalls
> Heavy with money, he hauled me into light of his example.

But if he finds himself shaped by each person and experience that touches him, Applewhite also knows how alone each person stands when he makes a moral choice. In one of the most moving of contemporary elegies, "William Blackburn, Riding Westward," the poet memorializes his dead teacher who now roams his brain, "King Lear after death."

> We visit your old office on campus in grief.
> Outside, trees lift winterward branches toward
> A sky in chaos. The patterning which spins the stars
> Exists outside this weather we live under.

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We see only branches against those clouds' inclemency. *Statues of the Grass* is not only a fine first book—James Applewhite writes like one whose native language is poetry.

The Genesee Diary: Report from a Trappist Monastery

HENRI J. M. NOUWEN

Doubleday, $6.95

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

For non-monks, one of the great attractions of monasteries, and of those pseudo-monasteries like seminaries on hilltops, is their separateness, their apparent isolation from what the rest of us experience as the troubles of the "world"—social pressure, competitive capitalism, alienation, work anxiety, messed-up love affairs and muggings and bicycle thieves in Central Park. They embody for our own time and place the myth of Eden: here a man can start anew, be Adam again in his original innocence, uncontaminated by the excesses of technology, the CBS Evening News—or Eve. And the myth of historical continuity: here men live by a 1400-year-old rule, move through the day and year not so much by the rhythm of the clock or calendar as by the rhythm of the day and nature itself—the liturgical year—in a perpetual harmony of seasons, work and prayer.

Monks know better. The rule, history and liturgical rhythm are usually there. The isolation from anxiety is not. For modern man is no more likely than Adam himself to regain a foothold in Eden. For the monk or seminarian prayer and the religious life are no escape but a terrifying—though ultimately liberating—confrontation with the self, with aggression, fear, insecurity and pride.

Henri J. M. Nouwen—a non-monk, Dutch-born American priest, popular preacher, lecturer, psychologist, teacher at Notre Dame and Yale Divinity School and author of eight sensitive books filled with good advice—sensed in 1974 that his own life had lost some of its zing. He had grown so dependent on his own overcommitment, on the ringing phones and stacks of unanswered mail, on students and friends pestering him with their ego-puffing emotional demands that the intermittent silent phone, un-knocked door or empty mailbox would throw him into a tailspin. He knew he had to step back and take a look at his life.

I read *The Genesee Diary* where most people will read it—on retreat. Mine was only eight days in the Jesuit novitiate at Wernerville, Pa.—a follow-up on the 30 days of Spiritual Exercises I had made last summer in preparation for my final (after 19 years) vows as a Jesuit. The Ignatian method is a crash program, a programmed series of steps in frequent mental prayer designed to root out "inordinate attachments," built around gaining a more intimate knowledge of Christ. Nouwen chose to attempt a much longer (though not more radical) seven-month change in his life-style by submitting to the strict Benedictine rule, with an emphasis on manual work and liturgy, at the Trappist Abbey of The Genesee in upstate New York. He put himself in the hands of Abbott John Eudes Bamberger, whom he had met at Gethsemani in Kentucky and whose wide experience in the navy, psychiatry and theology reflected his own aspirations and fantasies. A brave man, Nouwen was ready to explore his own compulsions and illusions.

With just a few concessions to allow himself more study and writing time, Nouwen threw himself into a way of life for which he had no calling with the hope that this period of detachment and contemplation would give him some insight on his last few disordered years. He shaved his head, painted fences, washed raisins for hours, washed and carried rocks, peeled potatoes. These monks are also good capitalists, and Henri worked in the bakery, helping to turn out 15,000 loaves of "monks' Bread" three days a week at 53 cents a loaf (later raised to 59 cents and increased 10,000 to hit the Cleveland market) while the community also agonized over the drought in Africa and the world food crisis.

But, more than the work-fatigue and frustration, Nouwen's main problems were those he brought with him, and now they were magnified by the routine, silence, isolation and relative smallness of monastery life. In the pressure of this unusual environment, in his regular conferences with Eudes, whom he respects profoundly, he saw more clearly than ever his insecurity, anger, self-doubt, hypersensitivity—the possessiveness and vanity of his love, his desire for total affection and inability to accept it if it came. Nouwen is generous in sharing these reflections with us; although, since he must have foreseen that he would publish his journal, none of the diary entries is so frank or intimate that we feel we are invading his privacy.

Most of his troubles—like so many cloister crises—were exaggerated little ones. At one moment the empty mail box yawns as wide as a lion's jaws, at the next he feels hurt because on St. Henry's feast day all the attention goes to a monk named Henry.

And sometimes, I think, in trying to be open to the Spirit, he suspends his critical faculties more than he should and ends up being too hard on himself. For example: in October his student friend Jay visits the Abbey for a week. They talk and pray and walk in the woods and meet the simple, "holy" Brother Elias who, all smiles and joy, tells them how God has given us

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sun, clouds, rain and wind etc. At the end of the week Nouwen drives Jay to the airport. Then, saying goodbye, Nouwen says a "bitter spirit" invades him and he complains about the ingratitude of his friends to whom he has given gifts and who have not responded—including Jay, whom he gave an "expensive book about which I was very excited" without a word of thanks. "Jay pointed out that I obviously could not give without wanting something in in return. He offered Elias as an ideal to strive for and said that my need for a response showed a basic insecurity. I became defensive in return and our discussion became trite."

All the way home, and for two paragraphs, Henri curses himself for his own narrowmindedness and immaturity. Jay has not yet published his journal, but I hope he likewise curses himself for his bad manners in not writing a thank-you note and for giving his very human, immature friend a priggish homily when he was obviously under pressure and needed some understanding.

In his conclusion, written over a half a year later, Nouwen claims he was not changed by the experience, that none of his problems was solved, that his old demons have settled in again. If the monastery experience retains any power over him it is that of a "memory"—a "glimpse of God's graciousness"—that offers new perspectives on present events. Sorry, I'm not satisfied with that. Perhaps next year he should read his own book on a short retreat and consider how many of his problems simply come from his being a middle-aged celibate. Certainly a man as sensitive and wise as Nouwen can get enough distance on his own life to alter its compulsive pattern a little bit, at least so the Jays of this world don't throw him quite so hard.

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REVIEWERS

CLAIRE HAHN is an assistant professor of English at Fordham University.

FATHER RAYMOND A. SCHROTH, S.J., associate editor of *Commonweal*, is the author of *The Eagle and Brooklyn* (Greenwood Press).

SHELDON MARCUS is the author of a biography of Father Charles Coughlin.

Roosevelt and Romanism: Catholics and American Diplomacy, 1937-1945

GEORGE Q. FLYNN

Greenwood Press, $13.95

SHELDON MARCUS

The relationship of the administration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt with the American Catholic church is indeed a topic worthy of study and analysis, for it is a subject of considerable importance in understanding the foreign policy of the United States prior to and during World War II. Unfortunately, *Roosevelt and Romanism: Catholics and American Diplomacy* by George Q. Flynn will not provide the readers with more than a brief, sketchy overview of the subject.

The book is replete with shortcomings that limit its value. For example, although the author provides considerable material about the views of a host of prominent Catholic clerics and laypeople, there is very little in-depth analysis of the actual impact of these views. Further, a reader not already familiar with the prominent laymen mentioned in this book could easily get lost in the maze of names bandied about. A reader already familiar with most of these figures will learn little new.

There is neither a clear-cut description of the influence of a William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, probably the most powerful figure within the American Catholic hierarchy, nor a thorough discussion of Fr. Charles E. Coughlin, the Catholic clergyman with the largest following among the Catholic masses, particularly the Irish Catholic population. Instead, a variety of names are lumped together leaving the reader to sort out who were the more influential figures.

There is little understanding and insight into President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the master politician, gaining access to the Catholic hierarchy through his friendship with liberals such as Msgr. John Ryan of Catholic University and Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, using them to support his views and, wherever possible, to facilitate the major goal of any astute politician—win elections. Little discussion —which would have been informative —occurs on Roosevelt's use of a number of prominent Catholic laymen, such as Frank Murphy, Leo Crowley and Tommy Corcoran to espouse his views to the "right people" in Catholic circles.

In the introduction, the author tells us the "American Catholic church did have a foreign policy." Unfortunately, after reading the book, one is not sure what the nature of that policy was; and, more important, he fails to establish the veracity of his thesis that the church indeed had a foreign policy.

The author also makes other claims that are not backed by evidence. For example, he states that "the church had come to terms with man's warlike disposition." Who said so? Where is the proof? He says that "In 1937 and 1938 Catholic criticism of Hitler's Germany was equally negative and even went beyond the expressed views of the Roosevelt administration."

Certainly there were many clerics and Catholic laypeople who spoke out against Hitlerism. But there were many in sympathy with Hitlerism. After all, in the eyes of many Catholics, wasn't Hitler the bulwark against the spread of Communism in the 1930s? But it would be folly to say that the Catholic church was pro-Hitler. Unfortunately, it is just as silly to say that the church was anti-Nazi. I would suggest, however, that if the author really believes that the church's criticism of Hitler went beyond that of the Roosevelt administration, he should go to a newspaper morgue and read journals such as *Social Justice* and the *Brooklyn Tablet*.

Does the author really believe, as indicated by his book, that the National Catholic Welfare Conference (NCWC) had the kind of influence over the Catholic masses as did the above newspapers? If so, let him consult N. W. Ayer for newspaper circulation figures. Let him discover that Father Coughlin's weekly radio audience was estimated at between 15-45 million listeners. Who but Father Coughlin, in

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the history of the American Catholic Church, thought himself powerful enough to handpick his own presidential ticket as did the radio priest in selecting Congressman William Lemke of North Dakota to run for the presidency in 1936 and get close to a million votes in the process? This is an election contest against a widely beloved president at the height of his popularity. On page 101, Flynn talks of the reason for the visit to the United States in 1936 of the then Vatican Secretary of State, Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli. However, he neglects to mention that one of the prime reasons for this visit was the embarrassment caused the Vatican by Father Coughlin in his 1936 presidential campaign speeches villifying FDR as a "betrayer" and "damned liar." Yet, in the book, Father Coughlin is simply described as a "consistent opponent of American involvement in Europe," and later as an anti-Communist. This is typical of the book's failure to give adequate background data on key individuals and movements of the period.

With little supporting evidence, Flynn states that: "When war came to Europe in September 1, 1939, the Catholic press and Catholic leaders pledged themselves to support the president in their crisis." This is true up to a point. Many others, however, did not do so. I would suggest that the author try to qualify such generalizations with words like "some" or "many" rather than give the impression of a universal support for Roosevelt that simply never existed until Pearl Harbor.

Except for a brief mention on page 196, there is little discussed on how events from 1937-45 contributed to the rise of McCarthyism in the early 1950s.

The views expressed in the book are interesting but only touch the surface. The study is virtually a review of the literature of the period with no exposition and in-depth discussion of the events, people and forces that shaped American foreign policy at such a critical time. The book reads like a doctoral dissertation—one with a number of serious limitations.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 675)

Jersey because of what they did to Al Smith 56 per cent of the Georgia vote and that he carried several other needs to be said.

First, I would like to ask *Commonweal* to interview Breslin to find out *exactly* what Georgia did to Al Smith. Did they, perhaps, hang him in effigy at the Statehouse? If so, this long-time political reader missed the report.

That indignity aside, perhaps Breslin should be told that Georgia gave Al Smith 56 per cent of the votes in Georgia and carried several other Southern states up to 70 percent; but lost his home state, New York, by 750,000 votes. Extending this, John Kennedy got 62 percent of the vote in Georgia and 60 percent in his home state, Massachusetts.

This life-long Catholic did not vote for Al Smith because I could not see Tammany Hall in the White House; thus, as my friends remind me I was personally responsible for the Depression.

Along with Breslin we have Greeley, who tag-lines one of his columns re: Carter with a quote from a "shrewd New York Catholic," "We wonder when he (Carter) is going to wear the sheets."

These Irish "wits" reminiscent of the long vanished vaudeville stage where they did have an appreciative audience as humorists showing both sides but never presuming to be pundits, much less accusers and apologists, have lost all relation to their antecedents who were, indeed, witty because they were realistic, able to take the bitter with the better.

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

These "pop-journalists" deserve from *Commonweal*, a responsible Catholic publication, to be dismantled of their presumptious position of speaking, and thus being quoted, as representatives of Catholics.

DOROTHY SILVER

Gene McCarthy

Oklahoma City, Okla.

To the Editors: Peter Steinfels' analysis of "The Four Jimmy Carters" [Aug. 13] was insightful and provocative. I would suggest that voting for Eugene McCarthy takes the risk out of the political elections this year. If the long shot comes in then we have a man whose record shows that he can more accurately zero in on the critical questions Steinfels raises.

WILLIAM F. NERIN

Steinfels (Cont.)

not to run again demonstrated how "reasoned and non-violent opposition to the course of American foreign policy did prevail. . . . The retirement of the President is an act without precedent, but the substantive point

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is that policy changed almost routinely in response to a changed public opinion. This is what is meant by the democratic process" [*Commentary*, May 1968, p. 15].

Eight months later, in a memo prepared for President-elect Nixon, Moynihan described the same events: "But the fact is that he [Johnson] could not win [in Vietnam], and the all-important accompanying fact is that the semi-violent protest that arose in consequence forced him to resign. In a sense he was the first American President to be toppled by a mob. No matter that it was a mob of college professors, millionaires, flower children, and Radcliffe girls."

There are facts to support each of these views, and personally I believe the truth to be somewhere in between. But Moynihan marshals the facts so as to create virtually contradictory impressions. Both views dovetailed with Moynihan's political aims of the moment: in the May article, to assimilate the anti-Johnson (and also anti-Humphrey-movement to the political center; in the January 1973 memo, to warn Nixon from committing himself to the war, a warning which would be more persuasive when garnished with a sneer at the "mob of college professors, millionaires, flower children, and Radcliffe girls." Liberals might like to think that Moynihan really held to the first interpretation, and later dissimulated his opinion before Nixon, perhaps for a good reason (to argue effectively against the war) or a bad one (to curry favor with his employer). But at two points in Moynihan's *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*, written either before or immediately after the May article and long before his association with Nixon, Moynihan also speaks of Johnson being "toppled" and used imagery like that in the Nixon memo. Which of these views, then, did Moynihan *believe?* Or did he believe neither of them, tailoring his rhetoric to fit the opportunity? Or both of them, persuading himself as well as others, as his mood swung? Who is Daniel Patrick Moynihan?

2. In September 1972, as the Nixon-McGovern campaign was underway, an article appeared in *Life* magazine, titled "How the President Sees His Second Term." It was a superb piece of campaign literature, picturing Nixon as a man of peace, repeating his charge that Congress was responsible for the barrenness of his domestic record, emphasizing his opposition to quotas and his closeness to Jewish advisors, describing him as a kind of intellectual seeking a "coherent philosophy" to guide the nation for decades, even centuries. The article went so far as to render Nixon nothing less than the champion of "the 'Stevensonian' concept of civility and rational discourse." Erased were memories of the man who called Stevenson "Adlai the Appeaser" and "a graduate of Dean Acheson's spineless school of diplomacy."

And who was the author of this *tour de force*? Daniel Patrick Moynihan, soon to be Ambassador to India.

But wait. In May 1973 Moynihan tacked an "Addendum" on to the Introduction of *Coping*, a collection of his essays. Watergate and the tapes had by then instructed us further on Nixon's concept of "'Stevensonian' civility." Moynihan wrote of the Nixon-McGovern presidential race, "I had not the least part in it. A Democrat, I had served in the Cabinet of a Republican President, and I judged this to impose an obligation of neutrality and silence."

Perhaps this is a small item, but small items, like the pulled thread that unravels the garment, can be revealing. What are we to make of it? Is this Nixon, apostle of civility, a pure fiction—political hackwork of a crude but familiar sort? Or is this the Nixon Moynihan actually experienced—or created? Was Nixon so skillful a dissembler, or Moynihan so ardent a believer? In either case, what are we to think of Moynihan's judgment? And what are we to think of his claim to "neutrality and silence"? Again, is he simply deceiving his readers? Or has he persuaded himself that a four-page puff in *Life* doesn't count? Who is fooling whom? Nixon fooling Moynihan, Moynihan fooling us, Moynihan fooling himself, or all of the above?

Again, who *is* Daniel Patrick Moynihan?

This is not to suggest, as some have done, that Moynihan lacks political convictions. The problem is that, as time has passed, the convictions he seems to feel most strongly about are negative ones. His two views of the downfall of Lyndon Johnson, for instance, had one thing in common, the denigration of the militant opposition to the war in Vietnam. The first interpretation glosses over this factor; the second inflates and caricatures it. Moynihan could get along with Nixon, I suppose, because they hated the same people.

Moynihan's bitterness toward the Democratic liberal left began with its failure to embrace the Moynihan Report wholeheartedly and with the personal abuse to which he was subjected. The bankruptcy of the liberal left has been the single thread running through virtually all his writings since then. Bitterness, however, does not invite careful distinctions. Sometimes Moynihan is attacking student Maoists or Arab terrorists, sometimes social workers and old fashioned do-gooders, sometimes chic liberals and jet-set swingers, sometimes the *New York Times*, sometimes the *Village Voice*, sometimes the McGovern movement and its sympathizers. Ultimately, it is hard to tell where Moynihan's enemies list ends. This is all the more true since he has chosen to blast his critics out of the water by training on them the big guns of patriotic sentiment. (A Moynihan supporter recently explained in the *New Republic* that Moynihan's opponents were, to put it plainly, soft on Communism. On the night before the New York primary vote, Moynihan concluded a debate with other candidates about specific issues of fiscal policy, unemployment, welfare, etc., by suddenly, though woodenly, denouncing unnamed enemies of America's greatness. I was reminded of his [post-Watergate] comment on the Nixon White House: "From the moment

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those men . . . first started putting replicas of the American flag in their lapels, it was probable that they would end by disgracing it.")

Does the Moynihan enemies list include everyone who thought that pursuing the war in Vietnam went beyond a blunder with terrible consequences and at some point deserved the characterization of *immoral?* Does it include everyone who not only believes that at times the U.S., in Moynihan's phrase, is "the party of liberty" in the world but at other times is the party of oppression and tyranny? (I am not sure why a two-sided proposition like that should be difficult for a man of Moynihan's complexity to grasp.) Moynihan extends the adjective "honorable" to his opponent, Mr. Buckley. It has become unclear whether he would extend it to me or, for that matter, to *Commonweal.*

It is not unclear that he is surrounded by people who would not. Moynihan, as someone said, is not a *Commonweal* Catholic but a *Commentary* Catholic. His close associates include those in full agreement with the platform of that ably edited journal, namely that political progress in this country depends not only on the elimination of the remnants of the New Left but on the utter discrediting of a very wide body of political opinion vaguely identified as the "new politics" and historically rooted in the civil rights and anti-war movements of the Sixties. Or, to put it operationally, almost everyone to the left of Henry Jackson and Albert Shanker. Moynihan's associates, while decrying what they see as an aversion to compromise on the part of the "new politics," are themselves ideologists of the most uncompromising stripe. They pursue the Politics of Negation with a vengeance.

Is Moynihan in full agreement with this outlook? There is no indication he is not. Having barely won a primary in which his major opponent was a woman with a reputation for radicalism and abrasiveness, he might have been expected to mend fences with the liberal left. Instead, he appealed for Republican votes, suggesting in the process that the left of his own party was to be equated with Buckley's supporters on the right. I'll prove that you are unnecessary, he is saying to the left, I don't want your support. So why, I ask myself, should he get it?

Nonetheless, a neoconservative is better than a paleoconservative. Right?

That is what I had been thinking. The old lesser evil argument. Then I spoke with two New York City politicians, neither of them from liberal enclaves. I will combine their views into a single voice: "Look," they said, "I'm a firm believer in the lesser evil argument. I voted for Humphrey over Nixon in '68. I've been voting and campaigning for lesser evils all my life. But *in this election James Buckley, not Moynihan, is the lesser evil.* He is in a distinct minority in the Senate. The harm he can do is limited. To give Moynihan a Senate seat is to give him a national platform for leading a conservative *coup* within the Democratic party. His payroll will be filled with people determined to purge the party of its liberal left. He will have influence on the selection of mayoral and congressional candidates within the state. He is smart, and he has shown his willingness to use his intelligence demagogically. If Carter loses, Moynihan, as a Senator from a large state, would immediately become the focus of presidential ambitions. He has moved consistently to the right, and there is no reason for that to cease now. As a conservative Harvard intellectual he can be stimulating even when he is terribly wrong. But giving him power—six years of it, if not lifetime tenure— is simply suicidal."

That position makes a lot of sense but it too leaves me very uneasy. It is, in fact, the mirror image of the view held by Moynihan's associates. *They* think that the liberal left, by hesitating about Humphrey and by supporting McGovern, was out to purge them from the party. So they must purge instead. The liberal left replies that the conservative Democrats started it, sabotaging McGovern, for instance, rather than allowing a liberal left victory. The conservatives have now made their intentions clear—why help them to a victory?

But maybe, however distressing, that is the way things are. Maybe wings of the party are in mortal combat. All one can do is choose sides. The sad part is that the Irish Catholic liberal, whom Moynihan once imagined as bridging this fratricidal war among Democrats, has now become, in Moynihan's own person, the standard-bearer for its continuation.

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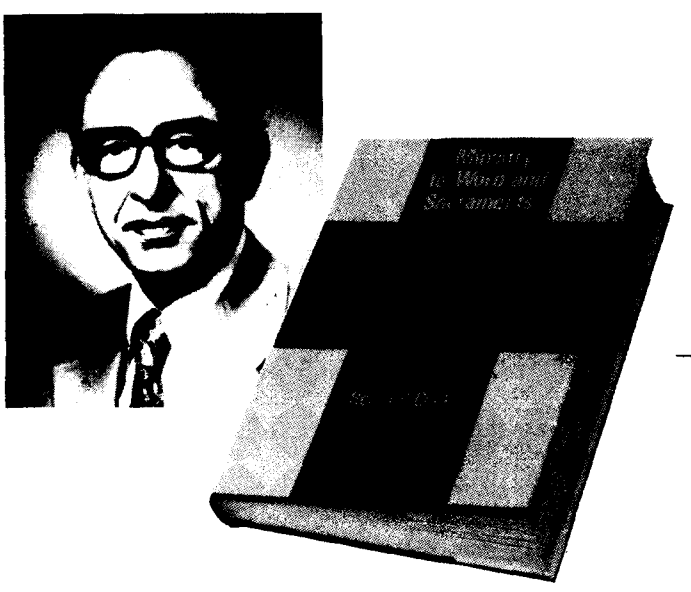

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